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## SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

**SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER** - - **EDITOR**

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## MONTREAL ABANDONS WARD SYSTEM

JUST at this time when Los Angeles is on the eve of committing herself to the principle of electing her councilmen at large, instead of by the ward system, as heretofore, the statement of Senator Raoul Dandurand of Canada, who has been interviewed in Chicago on this subject, is of special interest. The Canadian senator attributes the municipal troubles on this continent to the practice of electing aldermen by wards, says the Chicago Post, and with not a little pride the visitor announces the successful conclusion of the fight in Montreal to abolish the old ward boundaries and to elect five men from the entire city to assume the functions hitherto borne by the council.

It may be true, as the Post points out, that the French-Canadian's partiality for the general ticket method of choosing a municipal council is, in a measure, racial, since in France the ward system is the exception, but it is doubtless true that the most advanced thinkers along the lines of municipal reform agree with Senator Dandurand's views. Of course, the ward method is not the source of all evil in municipal affairs and for administrative, if not for legislative, purposes, just as the Post argues, the ward makes a convenient unit. But the trouble is that by the ward system bad men are enabled to perpetuate themselves in office, their clever hold on their districts permitting them to defy all efforts of outsiders to dislodge them. Thus, in Chicago, the redoubtable John J. Coughlin of the first ward and his delectable colleague, "Hinky Dink" Kenna, have for years sat in the council, a stench in the nostrils of all believers in good government, as also has John Powers of the nineteenth ward.

It was through Powers and Coughlin, leaders of the notorious "gray wolves" in the council, that the late Charles T. Yerkes of odious memory attained his ends. Owing to the native cunning of the boodle distributors, it was impossible to convict the go-betweens of the crime of bribery, or yet reach the higher-ups, but, morally, there never was any doubt of the guilt of these human cormorants. Not until Chicago abandons the ward system can the big city by the lake purge herself of these civic pests; so long as they care to retain their seats in the council the birds of prey noted will stand for re-election and be returned to office.

Home rule is a specious cry, which has ap-

pealed to the American sense of political proportion in the past, but the "neighborhood" argument has been so abused that the doctrine has lost the potency it once had. In the earlier stages of municipal development it has much more force than in later periods. This is especially true of Los Angeles at this time in her history, when general results rather than localized improvements are in demand. At any rate, by the terms of the new charter, the general ticket supersedes the ward choice, and from the surviving residue of the primary test, November 10, the electors will select, the following month, what is hoped will prove the best councilmanic material ever offered for choice in this city.

## BARRIE'S CUCKOLD APPEAL

BETWEEN James M. Barrie, author and playwright, and J. M. Barrie, the divorced husband of a faithless wife, there is a vast gulf fixed, and it is Barrie himself who is responsible for this bridgeless void. Warm admirers of the creator of "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan" have experienced a sensation bordering on disgust this week upon reading of Mr. Barrie's efforts to induce the woman, from whom he was recently legally separated, to return to his house and his bosom. With a full knowledge of her liaison, realizing that the ci-devant actress, who was Mrs. Barrie, prefers the embraces of another to his, the man of letters humiliates himself and his kind by attempting to bribe his deposed queen to return to him by offering to settle a large sum of money on her, to take her on a trip around the world, or to let her dictate the terms that will tempt her to desert her paramour for him.

Ugh! it is not pleasant reading. Mr. Barrie has immeasurably cheapened his reputation by his appeal. Does he not recognize the gulf between them? Animalism and intellectualism are as wide apart as the poles. The book-worm and student has nothing to offer for such a creature but a cuckold's nest. It is inconceivable that this man of letters would permit himself to be husband in name only, ceding to the one who bore his name the privilege of bestowing her favors wheresoever she chose. Yet this is the only logical sequence to such a reunion as he proposes. He might condone her Paphian lapses, but the public never would regard such an arrangement with complacency. Not because of an excess of virtue on their part would the name of Barrie be held in execration, but because of his lack of self-respect would the plain people everywhere hold him in contempt.

Having put his wife aside for cause, thereby publicly proclaiming her as unchaste, Barrie should have the manliness to accept the inevitable and strive to forget her. The exhibition of weakness demonstrated this week is pitiful. He will take her back on any terms she may demand, it is announced. Very well, let him. But the public in that event will refuse to take Barrie back on any terms whatever. A complaisant cuckold is an abomination in the eyes of all self-respecting men and women.

## CASE OF JOHN R. WALSH

TENACIOUS and purposeful, with indomitable courage and iron will, the spectacle presented by John R. Walsh of Chicago, under sentence for converting funds to his own use, as president of a national bank that had to close its doors owing to the drain caused by his investments, commands the admiration of his friends and foes alike. That Mr. Walsh was technically guilty of misappropriating the bank's assets is undoubted. He did not steal the money, however; he converted it by the well-worn subterfuge of using dummy names as borrowers, placing as security bonds and stocks of his own railroad and coal land properties. That he believed they were well worth the sums taken does

not render the offense against the banking laws any the less grave. If was not bankable paper; he was interdicted by the federal statutes from lending money to himself in such enormous amounts. For this infraction of the statutes a jury found Mr. Walsh guilty, and a federal judge pronounced a penitentiary sentence, which the court of appeals confirmed. Pending his efforts to escape punishment for his acts, the indefatigable financier in the last three years has been in negotiation with the United States Steel Corporation to take over his railroad and coal holdings at a stipulated price, the sale of which would not only reimburse the Chicago banks that paid off the depositors in the Walsh bank, but would give his stockholders a handsome dividend and still leave him a comfortable fortune. The big corporation, knowing his deplorable financial condition, sought to drive a sharp bargain with the indicted banker, but he maintained his nerve throughout his long trial and refused to abate the price he had set, and which he knew his properties ought to fetch.

Wednesday of this week, with the penitentiary staring him in the face, Mr. Walsh's grim tenacity of purpose met its reward. The corporation that had long coveted his holdings yielded to his adamant determination and agreed to pay his price, a matter of \$27,000,000, it is said. The ex-banker is now putting his house in order, paying off all his indebtedness and arranging his finances in case his last appeal to the highest court in the land proves abortive. Whether Walsh, rehabilitated millionaire, whose faith in the value of his properties has been so signally demonstrated, is of no greater moment in the eyes of the law than the apparent bankrupt, remains to be proved. That he has suffered deeply for his errors, nobody doubts. His nerve is almost superhuman, as the successful outcome of this big deal proves.

## DISPUTING POETIC LICENSE

WHAT'S this? A poet arrested in the old Bay State for peddling his wares without a license! Hoity toity! Haven't poets been licensed to say and do whatsoever the divine afflatus moved them ever since Moses wrote his famous epic on the deliverance of the Israelites and their passage through the Red Sea? License? What about the deathless Sappho, the lyric poet of Mitylene, whom the Lesbians hailed as the tenth muse? Or of Calliope, one of the nine muses, daughter of Jupiter and mother of the melodious Orpheus? Did not the immortal offspring of Zeus and Mnemosyne bequeath to mortal poets for all time the license she received from her mighty sire on Mount Olympus? Of what spawn are these petty Massachusetts officials that they should ignore the hereditary rights of Calliope's descendants? To paraphrase Dryden—

O gracious God! how far have they  
Profaned thy heavenly gift of poesy!

No license, indeed! When, as Pope says, it is "by heaven, and heaven alone, the genuine seeds of poesy are sown." We should think that Massachusetts police justice would have "spared the poet for his subject's sake," as Cowper urges, when he offered his modest wares for sale. His license was not in his pocket, but in his brain, his fancy, his imagination. To quote Cowper again:

They best can judge a poet's worth  
Who oft themselves have known  
The pangs of a poetic birth,  
By labors of their own.

No license, forsooth! When Macaulay held that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilized age! This modest Boston poet was timidly proffering the proof of his genius from door to door in Everett, when he was informed by the town constable that before he could proceed further he must solicit of the board of health a license to dispose of his poetic product. What profanation!



As if he had fresh fish to sell or Waterbury watches! Does not Everett's health board know that painters and poets have been allowed their pencils and their fancies unconfined, as old Horace intimated years and years ago. Why, then, seek to curtail the endeavors of the mild Boston artificer? A murrain seize this board of health that it should interfere with the industry of a worshiper of the muse. They are not born every minute, these poets, who "live on fancy and feed on air," they are of those who feel great truths, and tell them. Not licensed, indeed!

#### PROSPECTIVE CENTRAL BANK

**B**ECAUSE Senator Aldrich was largely instrumental in saddling a most unsatisfactory tariff law on the country, it is illogical to condemn every proposition emanating from the chairman of the senate finance committee as utterly untrustworthy, although we admit the provocation is strong. One of the important measures to be considered by congress this winter, perhaps the most important, is the reform of the currency system, and to this question the Rhode Island statesman has devoted months of serious study, his investigations including visits to England, Germany and France, for the purpose of examining into the workings of the big banks in the several capitals that act as fiscal agents of their respective governments.

As a result, it is said that Senator Aldrich is convinced that a central bank of discount in this country is the best solution of the problem confronting the nation in regard to the avoidance of monetary panics, and that his report as head of the monetary commission, having the matter in charge, will strongly favor the establishment of a central bank of issue. Rumors to this effect already have provoked sharp attacks on the plan, although as no details are known, all such adverse comment at this time surely is in the nature of hypercriticism. It is not strange that the country should beware the Greeks carrying gifts, but we prefer to examine this proposed gift to the people of a central bank on its merits, wholly dissociating the personality of Senator Aldrich from the project. The one great menace to fear is that Wall street interests might control the bank, but this, we believe, can easily be avoided if the proper safeguards are adopted.

With the combined banking experience of the country concentrating its thought on the proposal, there is no reason to believe with Leslie M. Shaw, former secretary of the treasury, that "the same interests which already own or control more than fifty of the very large financial institutions of the country" would speedily do the same with the large central bank. The charter conditions governing its establishment can place the institution beyond all danger of being gobbled up as intimated. If, as President J. M. Elliott of the First National Bank of this city has wisely suggested, the stock of the central bank were widely distributed over the country, with the federal banking laws changed so that national banks are allowed to hold the stock as part of their assets, and the directors (a majority) are chosen by the stockholders, with the government given the right to appoint a sort of upper chamber, with the power of criticism, there need be no fears of Wall street controlling. Continues Mr. Elliott:

I think the government should deposit its surplus funds with this institution, which should do all the financial work of the government, so far as banking is concerned, free; that after paying a reasonable dividend to the stockholders, any surplus profits there might be should be divided between the government and the stockholders on an equitable basis; that the bank should not receive deposits from other than banking institutions, and that in times of stress, it should have the right to issue circulating notes, based upon commercial paper, to be approved by the board of directors under government regulations, to be established at the time the bank is created.

This is in line with the most advanced thought of the country, and reflects, substantially, the views of the leading members of the American Bankers Association, as voiced at the recent annual gathering in Chicago. We may defer decisive action from time to time, from political considerations, adopting substitutes such as Representative Fowler of New Jersey has urged, or other plans of even less merit, but they are merely

makeshifts, and of temporary expediency, failing to get at the root of the trouble. Until financial conditions are placed on a sounder basis, we cannot hope to attract foreign capital to our securities for, as a distinguished visitor from Amsterdam stated, recently, it is necessary that our banking system should be changed in order that the quotations of securities shall not be subjected to the sudden sensational rises in money rates that for so long have been a disagreeable feature in this country. This desirable reform, he thought, could best be effected by improving our banking system on lines of the monetary centers abroad.

Next week Senator Aldrich will be in Chicago, as a guest of the Commercial Club, before which representative body he will deliver an address on the work of the National Monetary Commission, of which he is chairman. It is expected that he will indirectly, on this occasion, give expression to his own views on the subject of necessary legislation affecting the currency, and his remarks concerning the advisability of establishing a central bank will be followed with deep interest, since these advance views are certain to reflect in large part the terms of the measure which congress will be asked to adopt.

#### STEAM ROADS AND ELECTRICITY

**I**N ITS crusade against the smoke nuisance, Chicago has found the Illinois Central railroad one of the most persistent offenders, the soft coal used on the engines in the suburban traffic along the lake shore contributing largely to the murky gloom that is an unpleasant feature of south side atmospheric conditions. President Harahan of the railroad has been importuned to abate the nuisance by substituting electricity for steam in the motive power, and the adoption of electrification on the suburban lines, at least, has been regarded as fairly certain by optimistic southsiders. But at the annual meeting of the railroad, held a few days ago, the plan to eliminate smoke by this means met with disfavor by the directorate and stockholders, which passed resolutions regretting that, for good and sufficient reasons, it was not deemed expedient to comply with the request of the city administration and of various civic bodies. The conclusion reached is based on the following findings:

That the art of electrification of steam railroad terminals has not yet passed beyond the experimental stage.

That the large expense entailed by the proposed change of motive power, coupled with interest charges and depreciation, makes the project inadvisable.

That the elimination of smoke can be secured by other means than electrification.

That the undertaking, to be carried out successfully, would require concerted action by all railroads entering Chicago.

Apparently, the expense attaching to the proposed change was the principal factor in arriving at an adverse decision. The engineering department of the road reported that the cost of the undertaking would be \$8,000,000 or \$400,000 interest charges annually, which, together with a like amount for depreciation, made the plan prohibitive, the traffic, according to President Harahan, not being dense enough for the economies claimed for electrification to offset the expense. In addition, it was urged that the conditions existing in Chicago are peculiar to that city, the problem offering greater difficulties than anywhere else in the world, owing to the mixed traffic, including freight, passenger and suburban hauls, with a heavy interchange of equipment between railroads. It is promised by the offending railroad that, not unmindful of the rights of the public, it will endeavor to accomplish the elimination of smoke by other means than the method suggested, such as the substitution of coke for coal and the disciplining of locomotive engineers. The road also is trying out self-contained motor cars, with prospects of success.

This refusal of the transportation company, although most politely conveyed, is not relished by the various improvement societies, women's clubs and city officials that have been foremost in advocating the change. As for the plea of excessive expense, expert electrical testimony controverts the declaration of President Harahan. The cost of electric current is stated to have steadily decreased in the last decade with the rate rapidly growing smaller with each succeed-

ing year. The fight for better sanitary conditions in Chicago is not to be abandoned. The right of the city to ameliorate existing conditions has been emphatically restated, and an ordinance is to be drafted and introduced that will compel the road to eliminate steam as a motive power on the broad ground that it is a public nuisance. The outcome will be followed with deep interest by all municipalities that are facing a similar problem.

#### SAN FRANCISCO HERSELF AGAIN

**N**EVER mind why San Francisco calls it a "Portola" celebration—a rose by any other name would smell as sweet—the fact remains that the recent festivities in the northern metropolis were in every way delightful, fittingly marking the rehabilitation of the city devastated by so awful a catastrophe only a little more than three years ago. It is almost incredible that in so brief a space of time the ravages of the fire have been, in so great a measure, obliterated. Predictions were general, in the few months following the destruction of the city in April, 1906, that it would take ten years at least to restore the burned district, but, lo! one-third of that time has elapsed, and a better, a more substantial, and, of course, a much more modern city has risen on the ashes of the old.

Our best compliments to the indomitable men and women, whose splendid courage and sublime faith have made possible the unprecedented restoration which last week's fete commemorated. That its overwhelming success should have inspired the management with a desire to repeat the festival next year, in fact to make it an annual event, is but natural, and all who had a taste of the fun and frolic provided will not be sorry to learn that a recurrence of such is promised a twelvemonth hence.

From every quarter The Graphic hears only the warmest praises for the manner in which San Francisco handled the crowds and conducted the festivities. While the carnival spirit was rampant, there was an utter absence of rowdiness, any individual attempts to make a "rough house" being quashed in their incipiency by the vigilant police, whose deportment throughout was admirable. Los Angeles, doubtless, has evolved more artistic floats than were seen in the street parade last week, but we of the south must admit that for unadulterated, pure carnival spirit, our rose shows and fiestas in the past do not compare with the article on tap in San Francisco from Tuesday noon until Sunday a.m. of last week.

Our biggest and best nosegay we lay at the feet of the committee responsible for the success of the Portola program. May there be a still finer celebration a years hence, with San Francisco enjoying the full measure of prosperity that her perseverance and pluck have earned. San Francisco is herself again.

#### GRAPHITES

In the assassination, by a Korean fanatic, of Prince Ito of Japan, at Harbin, Manchuria, a few days ago, is recalled the murder of Durham W. Stevens in San Francisco, also by a Korean, not many months preceding. The folly of attempting to stem a nation's policy by the elimination of an individual agent has been demonstrated countless times in the past. Japan is not to be swerved from her purpose by the removal of Marquis Ito; in fact, she is more determined than ever to proceed on the lines thus far carried out by the murdered statesman. Korea may have grievances, but assassination is not the best way in the world to get them considered and remedied.

Tammany's rule in New York has been of so arbitrary and extravagant a nature that the injection of William Randolph Hearst into the political municipal campaign has been hailed with acclaim by reformers, who hope that the following he may attract will deflect from Judge Gaynor, the Democratic candidate for mayor, and so elect Otto T. Bannard, who heads the fusion ticket. Judge Gaynor denies that he represents Tammany, but his candidacy has been formally ratified by that political organization, and he must perforce abide by his affiliated sponsors. Personally, the Democratic standard-bearer bears an excellent reputation, and were it not for the Tigerish Tammanyites, his election could be regarded with equanimity. The betting fraternity is wagering two to one against the field on his triumph at the polls next month.



## BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK

NEXT to the pleasure of uncovering a half-buried literary treasure is a chat with the guiding genius of the Old Book Shop, whose experiences range back over a number of years and take in two continents. I enjoy, surreptitiously, watching The Old Bookseller at work. He handles every volume with as great care as if it were worth its weight in gold, and certainly with much more tender regard than if it were that precious metal. What a pleasure he seems to get out of his daily tasks! Even the dusting of a dingy tome, before passing it over to a prospective purchaser, is done with a loving grace that is really touching in its simple reverence. He may not have much worldly wealth, in fact, I know he has but little, yet he is serenely happy in his surroundings and content to make a small profit here and there; to buy of a needy customer at a fair price and sell to a thrifty patron at a reasonable advance. He may not be on intimate terms with the contents of all the books he handles, but he knows many well enough to discuss them intelligently, and to add an interesting bit of information concerning the author, the publisher, the illustrator or the edition, that gives zest to the book. To him there is nothing humdrum in his tasks or in his environment. I always go back to my work rested and uplifted, mentally, after a communion of this nature.

\* \* \*

This week The Old Bookseller, with his neat, old-world bow, handed me a little paper-covered volume, with the compliments of the Shop. It just fits into my coat pocket, and I have been dipping into it on the street cars and between bread-and-milk and other simple condiments that form my frugal meals. It records the experiences of an old book dealer of Edinburgh, and is called "Bits From an Old Book Shop." It is delightfully reminiscent in flavor, and reads almost like one of my gossips with the Old Book Shop man of local interest. I notice it is inscribed "To All Lovers of Books," so, as I am glad to count myself of that ilk, I feel that it has a personal message. Instead of the joys of book-buying, it recounts the pleasures of book-selling, which the author properly holds to be a pleasing occupation.

\* \* \*

He traces the beginning of the bibliomaniac's fever from the outside bookstall to the inner recesses, where only the rarest volumes are ensconced. He notes that of all kinds of human weaknesses, the craze for collecting old books is the most excusable. He has observed in the early stages of the disease, the booklover is content to buy only books which he reads. Next he buys books that he means to read; and, as his store accumulates, he hopes to read his purchases. By and by he carries home books in beautiful bindings and of early date, but printed in obsolete languages, which he cannot read. This canny Scotsman, with what I fancy is a grim chuckle, tells how the dealer manages to allure his victims; how his shop, with its air of antiquity is in keeping with its contents, and how his deportment harmonizes with his trade. The proprietor must not be too young; or, if he has the misfortune to be youthful in years, he should appear old, and be antique in his conversation. When he answers his customers' queries, he should speak with an air of authority and wisdom; be wise enough to express an opinion on everything connected with literature; be able to quote Shakespeare, Burns or Carlyle, and discuss the writings of a Darwin, Tyndall or Ruskin. He must have a fund of appetizing stories pertaining to the trade, which are as fuel to the bibliomaniac's fever.

\* \* \*

I agree with his conclusion that the pleasure derived from collecting books is one that never palls; in fact, is a joy forever. One cannot have much sympathy, he comments, with the man who collects books merely because of their monetary value. Such an one may have no appreciation of the beauty of the contents of the volumes he possesses, may never have read them, or thought of reading them, may be entirely ignorant of the real reason why certain books are of value, and yet he may know to a penny how much this edition or that copy of a scarce book would bring at an auction sale. A true lover of books thinks little of the commercial value; he treasures a volume because of its contents, or prizes it because of an association or memory connected with the author.

\* \* \*

American millionaires are given credit by this Edinburgh book-dealer for increasing the value of rare literary treasures, year by year. If his ambition is to found a library of valuable books, he sends orders to his London or Edinburgh agents to buy at any price. If two or three millionaires are in search of the same rarity, it is no mys-

tery to understand why a book, which fifty years ago brought a hundred dollars, now realizes thousands. Age alone is no criterion of value. There must be other causes, else the copy of Fitzgerald's translation of Omar Khayyam, 1859, which was at one time picked up in Quaritch's two-penny box, would not have been re-purchased by the famous London dealer forty-three years later for \$250. Nearly \$25,000 was paid at an auction sale a few years ago for the Fust and Schoeffer Psalter, printed on vellum, 1459. The celebrated Mazarin Bible on vellum brought \$20,000. A copy of a Caxton in 1902 sold for \$11,000, and a "Kilmarnock Burns" in perfect condition fetched \$5,000 in 1903. These early printed pearls, which the waves of time have spared us, are things to be read about and longed for, but seldom, if ever, seen, remarks this experienced bookman.

\* \* \*

Delightful chapters are given to the great art of book hunting, to incidents connected with the sales of rare works at auction, and of the ideal bookseller. There was once a dealer in Barcelona whose love for books became madness of a terrible kind. When he sold a rare manuscript or book, he followed his customer and secretly stabbed him to death. He never took money from his victims, but murdered them solely to regain his lost treasures. This is offset by the harmless old chap who almost cried when he sold a rare book. Others, like the dear old fellow Roswell Field tells about in "The Bondage of Ballinger," would decline to sell on any terms, and, naturally, ended in financial failure. But if there are eccentric book-sellers, certainly there are eccentric customers, and if I had the space I could recount the queer doings of countless patrons of Old Book Shops, but the limit has been reached. S. T. C.

## "ARSENE LUPIN," A PLAY WITH THRILLS

IF YOU ARE in New York, see "Arsene Lupin," and you will have an evening of rare enjoyment. It will keep you guessing, as every good detective story should. Who is Arsene Lupin, and how does he do his work? That is the all-absorbing problem put before you with all the Frenchman's clever command of technique. The play is reminiscent of "The Thief," of "Leah Kleschna," of "Raffles" and of "Sherlock Holmes," but it has its individuality, and even if it does tax credulity in spots, who cares so long as his interest is aroused. In the first act we see the drawing room in the country chateau of Mons. Gournay-Martin, and we are introduced to his prospective son-in-law, the Duke of Charmerace. The whole household is suddenly thrown into commotion by a letter signed Arsene Lupin, in which Mons. Gournay-Martin is informed that at a definite hour Lupin will relieve him of certain of his most cherished possessions. Mons. Martin has had experience with Lupin before; still, he makes the attempt to reach Paris in time to intercept the great thief. But it is Sunday, there is no communication either by telegraph, telephone or train, and by a strange coincidence a man named Charolais, in company with three clumsily light-fingered sons, has stolen, at the critical moment, all the motorcars except the hundred horse power.

\* \* \*

With this the incredulous, sympathetic and gracious duke departs for Paris, arriving, of course, too late. The house has been dismantled, and the bare walls show everywhere the characteristic signature, Arsene Lupin, which the gentlemanly burglar always uses to record his visits. The duke finds the police in charge, busily engaged in trying to unravel the mystery. He immediately sends for Guerchard, chief inspector of the secret police, and then the fun begins. In the midst of the investigation a new message from Lupin arrives. He has not yet obtained the tiara which is the prize of the whole collection, and he says that he will come for it between a quarter to twelve and twelve. This brings about the really interesting moment of the play. The clock ticks away; this person and that come and go, and, finally, the indefatigable Guerchard and the duke are left alone to await together the advent of Lupin.

\* \* \*

The tiara lies in its case on the table between them. Until now no hint of Lupin's identity has reached the audience, but at last it is clear that one of these two men is the great thief, but which one? Surely not the detective, for once before Lupin has appeared in Guerchard's person and it is not likely that he will repeat himself, and surely it cannot be the polished, winning, nonchalant duke. They face each other. The minutes pass, it is a quarter of, ten minutes of, one minute of twelve. The two have been fawning upon each other almost with the satisfaction of two lovers, so great is their appreciation of the situation. The clock begins to strike.

They move toward each other and the tiara. As the last stroke falls, Guerchard snatches the jewels, shouting, "He does not come." The invincible Lupin is proved a coward at last. But simultaneously the duke holds out a jewel, saying, "He has been here. Here is the tiara. That is an imitation." While the stupefied Guerchard is catching his breath the duke slips from the house.

\* \* \*

In the last act we see his home. His accomplices, Charolais and his son, and Victoire, the caretaker, are there. The duke staggers in through a secret passage and elevator. He is almost done for, and his narrow escape is testified to by the detectives who burst in almost immediately. Very quickly Guerchard arrives and the two men are face to face again. This time Guerchard wins, for he attacks the intrepid thief on his weak point, love, not of his fiancée, but of her companion, Sonia Kritchnoff. Sonia, herself, light-fingered, is in Guerchard's power, for he knows that she has stolen a set of pearls, and that the duke has saved her from humiliating exposure. To win her freedom, the duke yields the tiara, and his papers, which not only describe the amount and location of stolen articles, but also include the death certificate of the real duke of Charmerace and proof that the incumbent is only an impostor. The instant Guerchard has these things in his possession, he clasps the handcuffs on his man.

\* \* \*

Sonia comes in, penitent, learns the identity of Lupin, and discovers that to save her he has sacrificed himself. The great passion is awake, and in the light of it Lupin decides not to yield weakly, but to save himself for Sonia. He bursts the restraining handcuffs (just how, we do not see), and possesses himself of a bomb that he keeps for such emergencies. With this he terrifies the detective and escapes through the elevator. A second later Guerchard follows, but through a blunder the wrong button is punched, and as the detective rises out of sight we see Lupin, in a lower compartment, busily engaged in making himself up to look like Guerchard. In this disguise he escapes in the motor belonging to the detective, who is left with nothing to console himself with but the rubber ball which he mistook for a bomb.

\* \* \*

The play is over when the curtain is rung down. Everything is settled satisfactorily except such minor details as we are willing to take for granted. There is nothing to excite the imagination afterward, but while it is going on it is entrancing. The memory that we take away is not so much of the play as of the players. The principals, William Courtenay and Sidney Herbert, are excellent, the ease and repose of manner that characterize them both are restful in the extreme. And Mr. Courtenay's smile is winning, to say the least. Doris Keane as Sonia is very good to look at. She is self-confident, she has a certain sureness of manner and grace of movement that are delightful; but she never for a moment conveys an illusion of reality. She always acts. For that reason it is difficult to feel any real sympathy with the ill-treated companion of a purse-proud girl or with the thief who, in accord with time-honored traditions, has been "driven to steal in order to escape something worse." Beverly Sitgreaves, as the caretaker, does an excellent piece of character work. She is happier in the role than she was last winter in "The Writing on the Wall," where, for some reason, she failed to give a characterization. The remainder of the cast was satisfactory. It would be a relief if our American actors would learn to pronounce the French word monsieur. As usual, almost every possible change was wrung out of the combination of letters. Uniformity might be secured in the pronunciation of the tongue-tripping word were it possible to spell it phonetically, but as it is, it simply spells Waterloo for the actor.

\* \* \*

For a long time interest in the detective story centered about the detective and his solution of the puzzle presented to him. The thief was hounded to the finish and the skill of the detective applauded. Lately, however, we have been seeing the matter from the thief's standpoint, and through our sympathy with him the detective story has received a new lease on life. Just what effect this sympathy with the viewpoint of a person who has no regard for one of the fundamental moral laws may have on our rather lax moral standards is to be seen. But it is a relief to see some other problem than the usual triangular contest hold the center of the stage. The climax of the play loses none of its interest in being dissociated from the love of a man and a woman and centering upon the play of the wits of two men.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, October 25.



# FINDS IN "FOSSIL GARDENS" OF LOS ANGELES

NOT FAR to the northwest of Rosemary, a station on the Sawtelle car line, lies a broad stretch of fertile plain in the midst of which is Rancho La Brea. This beautiful ranch, so well known to Los Angeles people that no description is needed, is owned by Mrs. Erskine M. Ross, whose untiring energy, generosity and keen interest in public good have made it possible to open to the scientific world a rare treasure of extinct fossil forms.

If the reader will go back in thought many thousand years he will find in nature a story of more than passing interest. How many centuries since it all happened no one can tell. But back to that long ago when human eyes saw not, when human ears heard not, and only the Almighty looked upon this grand old earth in the process of formation. At that time, during the quaternary period, there roamed over this country huge animals which no longer exist in this fair southwest, and even relatives of numbers of these have long since perished.

In this ranch, which now lies two miles beyond the city limits, is found a deposit of these animal remains, remarkable for its extent and variety of forms. How came they to be here is the question invariably asked by the hundreds of visitors who frequent the place today and view with wonder and astonishment the uncovering of skeletons. The answer we can only conjecture, but the explanation given by those who have carefully studied the situation seems most plausible.

To the north of this noted ranch lies the Santa Monica range of foothills, to the south rises gradually the slope of the great anti-clinal ridge. The valley between rises gently toward the city and looks toward the sea. In a long stretch along these foothills are to be seen hundreds of oil wells, yielding a handsome profit, while over the entire area natural gas is here and there escaping from great depths. Up with the bubbles of gas are brought tar and water, which gradually impregnated the soil and in many places rendered it exceedingly soft. The bubbles burst, the tar sank again into the ground, leaving the water in varying quantities upon the surface. Around the pools thus made grew a scanty vegetation, which, with the water, formed a tempting oasis for hungry, thirsty animals.

In their search for food, this place allured them, and here came the wolf, camel, lion, elephant, American ox, saber-toothed tiger and many another creature to quench a burning thirst, and satisfy a growing hunger. So beautiful a spot it seemed to be that no being, even though of far greater intelligence than these animals possessed, would have guessed that beneath this charming surface and tempting morsel lay the way to certain death; yet it was true, for scarcely had they stepped upon this murky soil when their feet were fastened in the sticky tar, from which they could never extricate themselves. Thus, one by one, in this awful pit, the animals gave up their lives by sinking deeper and deeper into the tarry bed, or, by being thus helpless, rendered themselves an easy prey to their enemies which came to feast upon their flesh.

How many of these huge animals then roamed the plain we do not know. How many took their last drink here and then became buried in this Brea pit no one can tell. How many years rolled into centuries ere their bones became a part of nature's great museum is beyond our power to estimate, for mother Earth keeps well her secret and leaves her children with many a problem yet to solve. Ages upon ages passed, the mountains heaved and the deep blue seas sought their bounds, dividing the land into two great worlds which hitherto had shaken hands across the Atlantic, or, perchance, across the Pacific, but which parted forever, and henceforth were known only in name as the old and the new.

Following this, by the ages of rise and fall and rise again, the New World became divided into north and south. During these movements, changes of climate and food supply seriously interfered with the vegetable and animal life. The animals, such as the giant ground sloth, the camel, the horse, elephant, ox, tiger, lion, etc., wandered freely from north to south, but were, by the last sinking, cut off from each other at the Isthmus of Panama, and the subsequent rising rendered the land uninhabitable, resulting in the extinction of this great subtropical fauna. That famine and starvation was the cause of this extinction is evidenced by the almost total absence of vegetable growth in the deposit, and by the further experience of modern times, when great herds of horses

and cattle were driven over the precipices into the sea to save them from the sufferings of actual starvation.

\* \* \*

Old Father Time stayed not his hand, but onward sped the years until the earth was ripe for habitation by man. The question of human relationship to these animals is invariably asked and doubtfully answered, since in the deposit no



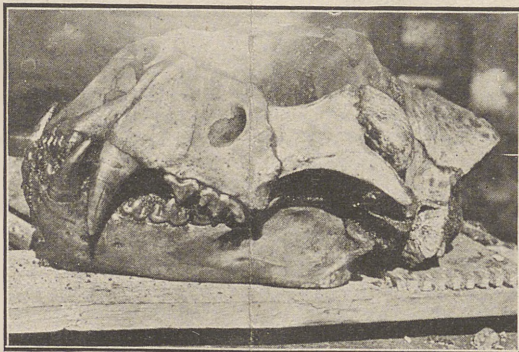
RANCHO LE BREA, SHOWING TAR PIT

trace of human life is found. The sudden extinction suggests a great catastrophe, and in view of the obscurity of the mound builders' origin and destiny, these two events become associated in thought and afford an interesting subject for meditation. The generations came and went, the mound builders gave place to the red man, and they in turn to the white intruders. With the onward march of civilization came the populating of this far western coast, yet nothing was revealed of the hidden fauna of the asphalt region.

Less than half a century ago this asphalt came to be of commercial value. Then it was that the opening of this great animal grave began. The band of simple-hearted workmen knew not what they dug. Day by day they wielded the pick and shovel, little dreaming that they stood upon the skeletons of an animal race that far antedated the existence of man upon the earth. Could a good fairy have whispered in the ears of those untutored toilers that great wonders lay beneath their feet, how changed would have been their labors, but to these winners of daily bread the great gas bubbles coming up from the porous bottom, continually breaking upon the surface with loud noises, like the plashing of a fish, meant nothing. To them it told no sweet story. To them it gave no thought of ancient fauna which far outvalued their many days of toil.

\* \* \*

True, they found many bones, but to these they gave but a passing notice, except to consider



FINE SPECIMEN OF SABER-TOOTH TIGER

them troublesome, since their presence in the asphalt hindered the progress of the work. These bones, whose fate the scientists bewail, were tossed into heaps, until, finally, their great numbers becoming a burden, the digging was abandoned. For more than a score of years these forgotten bones were left to the bleaching elements, until one day, O, lucky day! a Stanford student in the employ of the Union Oil Company, found a tooth of strange shape and peculiar beauty, which was kept and showed. Dr. Merriam, of the state university was notified, and a careful search of

the dumps was made, and resulted in the recognition of extinct animal forms.

Since then numerous interesting specimens have been obtained each summer, until the recent work was done in a larger way by the Los Angeles high school and the Southern California Academy of Sciences, under the supervision of the writer. The material thus obtained by the kindness of Mrs. Erskine M. Ross has caused great interest in the finds and has already added to the list of new species and new genera of extinct forms.

\* \* \*

What a changed picture from that of the recent conditions and living fauna must these strange forms of sloth, camel, ox, elephant, lion, tiger, etc., cause in the minds of the students of geography, geology and nature study. Nothing short of a sub-tropical clime could have supported these gigantic animals, and their presence carries the mind across the water to Africa and India for the duplicate life. Here the mastodon roamed from place to place, the American ox grazed on the plains, the giant sloth reached into the trees for the tender leaves and twigs, the stalking camels wended their way to the scanty watering places, the graceful antelope sought the foothills, while the horse, with its colt, wandered peacefully among them. The hungry wolf, the giant tiger and the king of beasts, with their howl and snarl and roar made hideous the night, while the sailing condor, the soaring eagle and the swooping hawk and the birds of song made lively the air the livelong day.

\* \* \*

What happened to disturb this peaceful scene no tongue can tell, and only the lively imagination of man can conjecture. The coast gradually rose to a higher level; mountain spurs reached down to the sea and cut off the passage to the north or south, while the deserts of the east and the sea of the west prevented escape. The drouth occasioned by the rise of the land, and consequent decrease of water supply resulted in scanty vegetation and scarcity of water. The larger animals could not survive the drouth, hence, one after another, year after year, passed away.

Many of these in their search for food and water found their grave in the tar pools and left their record there. The beasts of prey found each struggling victim a ready source for food, hence remained in this region, they themselves, now and again, falling a helpless prey to those which followed. The great feathered tribe, not slow to see an opportunity, flew down and partook of a ready meal. These, too, striving here in their eagerness for food, would lose their balance, touch a foot, dip a wing, or drop the tail into the tarry mass, until they, in their turn, became record-makers of the world's history.

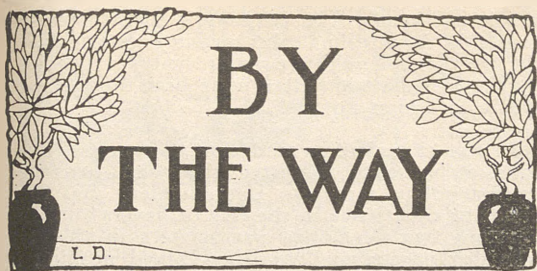
What an awful scene of extinction here! What an uneven match in the struggle for existence! What screams of the eagles, what growls of the tigers, what roaring of the lions, what pitiable cries of the antelope, what calls of the mothers to rescue their young, what shrieks of despair, what groans of the dying filled the air, without response! For nature's hand is a relentless hand, and her heart is inexorable. Thus passed away a fauna as remarkable as it was abundant; and, apparently, as suddenly as a catastrophe and as completely as a total extinction.

JAMES ZACCHAEUS GILBERT.

## Arthur Letts Picks Up Many Treasures

Just as Henry E. Huntington in the San Gabriel valley is beautifying the magnificent grounds of his park-like estate with the finest shrubs, trees and plants that money and skill can command, so Arthur Letts, out at Hollywood, is doing similar good work on his most attractive home place. Mr. Letts ransacked Europe this summer for rare varieties of palms and roses which will be on their way to Los Angeles before long. Already, the charming grounds at Hollywood have gained the reputation of harboring an enviable collection of flora, Mr. Letts being an enthusiastic amateur gardener. He is as deeply concerned over a drooping branch as a mother is over a drooping child, and he nurses the sick tree back to health with similar assiduity. Aside from the rare plants bought this summer, Mr. Letts picked up several rare bits of sculpture, further to adorn his grounds. Among other treasures he acquired is a beautiful panel of the flying Aurora, done in Carrara marble, a photograph of which reveals a superb work of art. It will be installed in a convenient niche as soon as the piece of sculpture arrives.





### Don'ts For the Staff

By the courtesy of a member of the writing fraternity I am enabled to feast my eyes on the "Don'ts" issued by "Editor and General Manager H. G. Otis" of the esteemed Times. These admonitions are modestly entitled "A few simple rules for editors, reporters, compositors and proofreaders." Their original issuance was long ago, but, according to the text, they have been "reissued and reinforced." "Steer clear of involved sentences" urges the shepherd of his flock, and then as an example of what he wants he prints the simple story of a plain "drunk," beginning: "Last night at 11:35 o'clock, James Jones was arrested by a police officer under suspicion." Just why a police officer under suspicion should be assigned to duty is not clear, but, then, neither is the general's sentence, which he would have his staff imitate. He also permits his unlicked cubs to say: "He 'claimed' to the policeman that he was, etc.," although one of his "don'ts" interdicts such usage; also to employ the dignified term "cop" in describing a guardian of the peace. Yet in the next paragraph he decries the practice of indulging in slang in a newspaper "printed for educated people." Exceptions are made, he allows, only when it is necessary to draw such expressions from the lips of "gammins"—whatever they may be—"gamblers or galoots." Among other "Don'ts" the novice is strictly prohibited from saying, "Mrs. Mary Jones nee Mary Smith," but "Mrs. Mary Jones nee Smith." To use nee (born) before "Mrs.," contends the general, "is the height of absurdity." Yet it was only a few weeks ago that I read a social note in the Times of a recently-married wealthy widow, whose announcement was couched in this language: "Mrs. John S. Brown (nee Mrs. James Smith) and Judge Brown are back from the beach, where they have been staying for a week." I fear the general's instructions are more honored in the breach than in the observance.

### Another Bank Merger Due

There is another proposed banking merger in process of consummation, and the facts, when they have developed sufficiently, will create a sensation. I am not yet at liberty to go into details, but I have reason to believe that the deal now under way will be ripe for publicity by Christmas time.

### George Mitchell Home Again

Mr. and Mrs. George Mitchell have returned home from a visit abroad, after an absence of nearly six months, most of which time was passed in Paris. Mr. Mitchell, who is one of the prominent mining figures of the southwest, says that foreign funds for southwestern American development are easily obtainable, especially if the enterprise is of a mining character that will stand thorough investigation. When in France Mr. Mitchell raised in excess of \$1,000,000 cash, to be expended for railroad and other exploitation in Arizona. Incidentally, he has acquired one of the most striking autocars ever shipped to Los Angeles from Paris.

### Plans of Local Public Men

Senator Flint and Congressman McLachlan are preparing to return to the national capital for the coming session of congress. The former is at the head of the committee on interoceanic canals, in which capacity he will shortly take a quick trip to Panama. Oscar Lawler, who went east this week, has hired a house in Washington and will not be back here for at least a year. Mrs. Lawler accompanied her husband, prepared for an indefinite stay.

### Eastern Company Renigged

While the school bonds have been all subscribed for and allotted, it was found necessary, at the last minute, almost, to apportion a large obligation anew. It will be recalled that an eastern insurance corporation came to the front at the tail end of the subscription and offered to take all of the bonds left to the extent of \$100,000. Later, the eastern concern declined to produce the sum necessary to bind the sale. After considerable haggling, the bonds spoken for were divided among others, and the incident was de-

clared closed. Not, however, until the insurance company had succeeded in getting a lot of free advertising without the expenditure of a penny. I would advise pinning faith to our home Pacific Mutual Company in future.

### Hear Ye, This Trombone Chantey

My poetic contributor who signs himself "Algol," whose clever skit on the banquet at "five and twenty bones the plate" created many hearty laughs, a few weeks ago, sends me the following "trombone chantey," apropos the appointment of a musical commission:

Thus spake the mayor to his henchmen and his counsellors,

Sitting at his desk (and his smile was broadly bland):

"Let us perpetrate a joke

On the city's private poke;

The public needs amusement, suppose we start a band!"

(Hearty guffaws from Dromgold, Healy, Wrenn and Co.)

And five were straightly chosen, five musicians, men of mark,

Who should exercise their brains

In pursuit of likely strains,

And a bunch of earnest Teutons to discourse them in the park.

Loud sang the souls of the musical commissioners, Plucking at their hair (which was growing rapidly),

"Maybe Hammerstein and Grau

Have a trifle on us now,

But wait till we're in action and you'll see what you will see!"

Lord! What a stir arose among the Muses then, Chloe and Tarara, and all the blessed nine,

And a burst of Bacchic wails

Rent the Heliconian vales,

When Pan unscrewed his pipes and said "Los Angeles for mine!"

"Help!" cried the voice of a thunderstruck 'Salvationist

(He that led the singing down by Seventh street and Grand):

"We have boosted Kingdom Come

With tambourine and drum,

But who will seek salvation if you start a public band?"

Loud sang the souls of the musical commissioners, "Do, re, mi, fa, sol (and they sang it woundily!),

We will build a classic pile

In the Graeco-Mission style

And show the Angelenos what a band-stand ought to be!

"Orange peel and cake shall cumber not the floor of it,

Plug juice or cigar butts of a penetrating brand,

And the sound of flute and oboe

Shall distract the heartsick hobo,

And the auto's toot shall mingle with 'Columbia' by the band!"

### Looks Like McCarthy and Heney in North

While reports are conflicting regarding the probable outcome of San Francisco's municipal election, there seems to be a feeling in the air of the northern metropolis that the successor to Mayor Taylor will be P. H. McCarthy, the labor union aspirant. Also, there is now a renewed belief that Francis J. Heney will be chosen district attorney. San Francisco's election will take place just a week ahead of our own preliminary municipal tryout.

### Vagaries of the Primary Ballot

I have been shown a copy of the sample ballot that will be placed before the electorate in the coming municipal primary election, November 10, and if the votes cast that day are counted within twenty-four hours of the closing of the polls, I miss my guess. There are more than two hundred names on the ballot, which is in excess of twice the aggregate number ever before confronting the voter in this city or county. In addition, there will be the usual number of proposed referendum propositions to decide. From a casual study of the list as it appears in the official ordinance covering the subject, it is revealed that six former members of the council are aspirants at this time for the same position. Ben Lauder, who at one time was defeated for supervisor by Mayor George Alexander, bobs up for office. Lauder represented the Seventh ward in the legislative branch of the city government during one term in a most unsatisfactory manner.

### Have an Itching to Return

Dr. A. D. Houghton, the recall member from the Sixth ward, would try again. S. H. Kingery was a former member from the Fourth ward, which time he introduced an ordinance to place knickerbockers or a kindred garment upon the thinly-clad female forms then as now a striking feature in certain billboard tobacco product ad-

vertisements. Frank Walker was a member from the Third ward a few years ago, and A. C. Shafer, another aspirant to return, once represented the Sixth ward. R. E. Wirsching was from the Ninth ward. John M. Glass, who aspires to the council, for several years was head of the city's police department, to which position he was promoted from patrolman. He was a good official but lost the job because he was convinced the city could not dispense with his services. Henry Y. Yonkin, Henry Lyon and Bernard Healy, incumbents, are the only members of the present council that are seeking another term.

### Ex-Judge and Bank Presidents

One councilmanic aspirant is a former member of the California supreme court, who ranks with the best lawyers in the state. Judge John D. Works was appointed to the highest court in the state by Governor Waterman, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Elisha McKinstry, July 30, 1888; November 6 of the same year he was elected to fill the same vacancy, and filled out, the unexpired McKinstry term, until 1900. From 1886 to 1887 Judge Works served on the superior bench in San Diego county. W. J. Washburn, a bank president and formerly president of the school board, has been induced to become a tentative candidate. H. J. Woollacott, a former bank president, who in the general election last year was a Democratic aspirant for supervisor in a decidedly Republican district, also is on the primary ticket for the council. Miles S. Gregory is the popular secretary of the Union League Club.

### Judge Works Opposed by His Son

But for the political shrewdness of Uncle George, the mayoralty candidate of the good government faction at this time would be Judge John D. Works. The judge had been selected by Mr. Lissner and his associates to make the race, whereupon the recall incumbent realized that he must take the bit in his teeth, if he wished to continue in active service at the city hall. There was a note of rebellion sounded when the old war horse issued his ultimatum, but the majority hastily responded. Curiously enough, Judge Works, as a candidate for the council on the same ticket with Alexander, is opposed by his son, Lewis A. Works, who is trying to convince the voters of Los Angeles that the best man for mayor is Auditor Mushet. The younger Works is a member of the Mushet campaign committee, and in that capacity he will deliver a few political addresses in behalf of his candidate, while his father will be doing the same thing for George Alexander. Let me express the hope that the younger Works is more sincere in his support of Mushet than he was when he testified on the witness stand to the high professional standing of a judge since deceased.

### Mixed Forces For Mushet

In the Mushet campaign is enlisted a large part of the influences that were supporting A. C. Harper three years ago, while professing to be strong for Dr. Walter Lindley. This same contingent is now pretending to be for Smith, but, quietly, it is doing its utmost to have the present city auditor emerge as one of the two leaders in the primary that will be the preliminary in the municipal election November 10. "Eddie" Morris, well known as a Democratic worker, whose occupation is manifold, and John A. Craig, another Democrat, who was a connecting link between the auditor's office and the Harper administration, are hard at it for Mushet, a Republican. A similar condition prevails among certain workers employed by other interests, which profess to be convinced they are forced into active politics at times. Just now it looks as if all of the factions that combined their forces at the last minute in the election three years ago, in support of the Democratic candidate for mayor, are preparing for a similar line-up in behalf of the present city auditor. Lee C. Gates, I understand, will take the stump at an early day for George Alexander, providing, of course, the latter is successful at the primary November 10.

### Contest For City Auditor

I am watching the contest for the city auditorship with considerable interest. So far as I can discern, the race seems to be between John S. Meyers of the Good Government organization and Ethan R. Allen, who is running independently. The only other candidate showing strength, at the opening of the campaign, was E. E. Bostwick. But he had the misfortune to be a product of the rump convention, and not only had the burden of that endorsement to carry upon his shoulders, but, of late, has been traded off by one faction after another until his personal backers are dazed. Outside of the Smith indorsement,



no candidate has been treated so roughly as Bostwick. I am told that he was put in the race by Arnold, whose note shaving of city hall warrants at one time netted the money lender \$500 a month. Bostwick was running the auditor's office when Arnold was in the saddle. Allen is a comparatively young man, an acknowledged accountant and systematizer of ability, who is as clean as he is able. This is the testimony of business men who have followed his ambitious career. Mr. Allen frankly acknowledges that he is not "in the hands of his friends" in this campaign. He is making his own fight and it will be interesting to note how this rather novel experiment in the political field will result.

#### Ballerino Will Contest to be Bitter

I hear that a bitter contest is coming before the estate of the late B. Ballerino is settled. As the city has been made a party in one feature of the litigation, it gives promise of a long-drawn tussle. According to the claims set up by attorneys, Ballerino, who in life had more than his share of law and law courts, devised his property holdings to a female favorite, cutting off all of his relatives, while devising to the city, whose ordinances he sought to break in and out of season, a pretty sum to be used for library purposes. If the will is upheld, a recent compromise agreement, by the terms of which the estate was to have been divided in another way will be invalidated. It is a curious commentary that part of the money accumulated by the dead man, in a traffic the vilest known, which the city, county and state had been bending its energies for years to suppress, is now willed to the municipality.

#### As Mr. Kays Views It

James C. Kays is home again after a sojourn of more than a year in the national capital, whither he went primarily for the purpose of installing a daughter amid proper educational surroundings. Mr. Kays, as old-timers will recall, was sheriff of Los Angeles county twenty years ago, at a time when the father of Henry O'Melveny was one of the two superior judges here. He tells me that when in Washington he went many times to the senate and to the house of representatives to listen to the debates, and to watch the notables at short range. "Taking the men who do things for the nation as a whole," said Mr. Kays, "the east is not better represented than is the west. In fact, we have a bit the better of the argument. I saw no intellectual giant in the senate who could measure up with the late Stephen M. White, and few of the senators stand better in Washington than does Frank Flint."

#### Armory May Go to Shrine Auditorium

There is a strong possibility that Shrine Auditorium may be sold to the state for National Guard purposes. Such a move would be to the advantage of the public. The building could not be duplicated for less than \$100,000, a sum that is not available for the purpose. It could easily be transformed into a structure suitable for the requirements, and the location could hardly be bettered. The last legislature authorized an appropriation for an armory building here, and while it was understood that the money was to be expended in Sixth District Agricultural Park, the Auditorium site and building may yet win out. The lease of the present armory, at Eighth and Spring streets, will expire in a few months.

#### Dr. Houghton as Cacti Expert

Dr. A. C. Houghton, former councilman, who was the first to become a beneficiary of the recall, has been engaged by Henry E. Huntington as expert to install on the Huntington grounds at Oak Knoll a display of cacti that will be worth going miles to see. Dr. Houghton is an expert on this subject, to which fact he also owes a similar appointment by the Jonathan Club, which is to place upon its roof garden a magnificent exhibit of the desert plants.

#### Noted Nebraskan Coming

Euclid Martin, former postmaster of Omaha and one of the best-known residents of Nebraska for many years, is to become a resident of Los Angeles, having disposed of all of his interests in the middle west. Mr. Martin was among those who declined to follow William J. Bryan in the first silver campaign, and he has been heretical, politically, ever since, in the several tries made by the Peerless One to reach the White House. Mr. Martin enjoyed a remarkable farewell this week, prior to his departure for Southern California, having been the guest at an elaborate banquet tendered by the most prominent business and professional men of Nebraska and western Iowa. It is more than an even guess that Mr. Martin will be in the public eye out here after he has become properly acclimated.

#### ECHOES OF THE PORTOLA FESTIVAL

**B**Y THE TIME this letter goes to print the Portola festival will be a thrice-told tale, and yet its memory should be red-lettered in every journal of importance in California. For the celebration has not been merely of local significance. In its way, indeed, it has been of greater national import than the Hudson-Fulton fete. The latter was in the nature of a memorial. In San Francisco's case, Don Gaspar y Portola was revived from an obscure grave in order to provide a figurehead to celebrate, and with proper pride, a magnificent achievement of an American community. The bitter memories of a disaster that thrilled the world with sorrow and sympathy have been wiped out by a joyous fiesta, the echoes of which, too, will reach every corner of civilization. For San Francisco has triumphed against incalculable odds, and, though vanquished by the fiercest elements with which the human race is trained to contend, has risen so victorious that all nations have sent their ships and their envoys to pay her heartfelt tribute.

What was the most impressive feature of the five days' celebration? Without hesitation, I, at least, declare that it was found in the assembling and the singing of five thousand school children in Union Square last Wednesday morning. My coign of vantage was the roof of the St. Francis Hotel, whence I looked down upon the grand stand built on Post street, facing the park, to accommodate the singers. It was a glorious morning, clear blue sky, warm sun and temperate breeze. And these five thousand children responded on the instant to the gesture of a single wonderful woman. If it be not woman's part to lead armies, and Joan of Arc is only the exception to prove the rule, at least all men will gratefully acknowledge that with little children the woman must have the supreme mastery. And though all California has been talking of Vergilia, the most gracious and handsome queen of the revels, let us pay the sincerest homage to this other and even more wonderful woman, Estelle Carpenter. As I watched her from my eerie, many hundred feet above, she seemed to me the embodiment of the soul of song. A graceful and yet powerful figure, lithe, yet firm and strong, I seemed to see, or at least to sense, her every nerve vibrating with the penetrating magnetism of music. She used no baton, but both hands, and every finger—indeed, every muscle in her body rose to action as she guided, directed, commanded and inspired her five thousand children to raise, now lull, then raise again to utmost effort their spirited songs. She was, indeed, the mother of a royal family, answering spontaneously her call to fill their lungs with pure air and use their throats in song.

What was it that moved the most battered old sinners among us to the verge of tears? As the voices of those five thousand children rose in chorus, in such splendid unison as to seem to be issuing from a single instrument, there came to many a listener those two signals of irrepressibly intense emotion—a gulp in the throat and a shiver down the spine. And then, as the clear, fresh tones came swelling upward, tears forced their unwonted way. Once more one felt the magic power of innocence, and the memory of many a case-hardened man of the world flew decades back to the time he knelt at his mother's knee and was taught to worship in prayer or song the Invisible Father.

Of all the memories of this magnificent celebration, its brilliant spectacles, its splendid parades, the pomp of mimic royalty, the blare of scenes of military bands, the blaze of dazzling fireworks, through clouds of confetti enveloping the dense crowds of spectators, the singing of those little children will remain most marked. And it is a wonderful thought that sound can never cease: that those same vibrations from the concerted voices of five thousand children will echo and re-echo through space forever and ever. Just as the clashing of swords at the battle of Marathon may still be heard somewhere in the corridors of eternity, so, too, there is an undying record in the heavens of the song of these children. And that is not fanciful, but a scientific truth, for more wonderful than the most miraculous of our twentieth century discovered marvels. Is it not, too, a thought worth contemplation, even if for present purposes there seems to be "nothing in it" for us?

Never was there a more potent demonstration of the love of the people for music than that of the crowds which congested Union Square throughout the afternoons and evenings to delight in the fine music of a Paul Steindorff's specially organized band of fifty pieces. I rejoice to see that Los Angeles has at last established a

municipal band. The taxpayer's investment per capita is infinitesimal; his profit is incalculable. Of all the splendidly popular features provided by the Portola committee none beat the constant music in Union Square.

In the organization and sumptuousness of parade, it must be admitted that San Francisco cannot hold a candle to Los Angeles. But their constant experience in the city of fiestas and conventions has developed pastmasters in this art. The day parade on Thursday lacked nothing in quantity. It took a full three hours to pass a given point. But the skill or severity of elimination had not been supplied. There were many features in this parade which would never have been granted a permit by the eagle eye of a Zee-handelaar, a Wiggins or a Petsch. And the night parade on Saturday, which was the occasion of the most densely packed street crowd I have ever witnessed, massing, it is estimated, more than a million spectators, could not begin to compare with Los Angeles' several elaborate electrical displays in the last five years.

On the other hand, the carnival spirit of San Francisco was incomparable. Everybody, from the proudest dowager of society to the most bumptious cop, let herself and himself go Saturday night. The rich carpets in the classic tapestry room of the St. Francis Hotel were even thicker with confetti and the debris of "streamers" than the hottest corner near Lotta's Fountain on Market street. And through all the joshing and jostling of the incessant crowds, through the license of impudence, I did not see or hear of one incident that betrayed ill-temper. Women fainted and children were trampled upon, but there were always helping hands and the police service, sufficiently rigid, but always tolerant and good-humored, was unexceptionable.

These are but rambling reminiscences of a famous festival, and, of course, do not pretend to provide any record. But even in recounting personal impressions, one cannot overlook the most superb figure of it all, grand old Nicholas Covarrubius as Don Gaspar y Portola! There has never been a monarch who would not have envied the reincarnated Gaspar's courtly grace and gracious majesty. On foot or on horseback, every inch of our old-time friend, United States marshal in Los Angeles fifteen years ago, was splendidly regal. And is it not all the more wonderful that this grand old man who kept his seventy-first birthday last week, and who has both great grandchildren and a three-year-old son of his own, now that his reign of San Francisco is over, returns in his proud simplicity to his livery stable in Santa Maria.

R. H. C.  
San Francisco, October 26.

#### Story That Speaks For Itself

Los Angeles has witnessed recently the successful financing of two local enterprises that involved close to \$2,000,000 actual cash. Early in the year the Union Oil Company floated \$1,000,000 of new stock, payable in installments, and only lately the American Petroleum Company launched a similar issue, involving about as much more. The Union flotation in its last quarter ended last week with every subscriber responding and with no additional prodding other than the original urging. I understand that of the several hundred persons interested, there were just five who had to be reminded that their final remittance for payment of stock subscribed was due. A similar gratifying condition is reported of the American Petroleum Company call. Few cities of the size of Los Angeles can duplicate this record.

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## ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

No time is lost in futile descriptions of scenery or time of day when Randall Parrish is telling a story. In his latest book, "My Lady of the South," the first page finds the hero wounded on a battlefield, under the wreck of a gun carriage, and so fairly safe in spite of his desperate situation. He is a northern soldier in the civil war, under Rosecrans' command. After the excitement of the battle, the fright and lust of it, King wakes to consciousness, to find himself on a field held by the enemy and in momentary danger of becoming a prisoner of war. His wound proves slight, so, crawling away in the dark, he manages to reach a nearby stream, refreshes himself with the water, and then starts for a plantation he remembers having passed as he went to the battle, thinking he can hide himself in an outbuilding until the army has passed. He conceals himself in a tool house, full of machinery, and just as daylight advances, he settles himself comfortably and safely for a sleep.

King is aroused by voices in conversation, and sees a young white woman talking to an old colored man, evidently a house servant. He learns from the conversation that the house is headquarters for a confederate general, that there is to be a concerted attack upon the rear of the Union army, which will place the house in the track of both forces, making it unsafe for Jean Denslow, the heroine. Her father and brother have insisted upon her immediate marriage to Calvert Dunn, who will take her to his home, farther back in the mountains, leaving her in comparative safety with his family.

Jean is explaining all this to the old negro, and the further fact that she does not love her prospective bridegroom and would like to run away, if there was any place to run, but, as it is, Calvert is expected as soon as it is dark. General Johnston's chaplain is waiting in the house to perform the ceremony, and escape is hopeless. King, the hero, thus finds himself in possession of valuable information, which he instantly decides to take to Rosecrans. He slips out of his concealment as soon as it is dark, waylays a horseman upon the road that he may have a confederate uniform, and before he leaves him, bound and gagged, finds him to be the hurrying bridegroom. The road by which he must travel leads past the house he has just left, and as he slips quietly by the gate he is discovered by the servant, mistaken for Calvert Dunn, and almost before he realizes what is happening, finds himself married to Jean and started upon the road over the mountain.

This has all taken place in the dark, as all means of artificial light have been carried away by marauding soldiers. Of course, the resourceful reader will say, "Why didn't they use a flannel rag in a cup of oil?" but why spoil a good story that way? It was necessary that the hero remain undiscovered, and so he did. Jean is a rebel, high-spirited, proud and loyal to her traditions, which traditions include a feud—so when she discovers herself married to a Yankee, things begin to happen. King's duties bring him back to the scene of his first adventures, and his awakened love for his accidental wife is often in conflict with his safety, and his patriotism. His escapes from death, by bullets, treachery and the noose make exciting reading, and it is a safe prediction that the most hardened story reader will not lay the book down unfinished. There is enough historical fact for a solid foundation, and upon this Mr. Parrish has built a love story of thrilling interest. ("My Lady of the South." By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co.) M. H. C.

### "When East Comes West"

When Silas Waybach visited Los Angeles last year and made known his unique views of the sights and everyday incidents of life in the Angel City, in a "Tenderfoot in Southern California," everyone laughed merrily at his good-humored pokes at the expense of the city's dignity, as expressed in its trivialities. That keen raillery did not, could not, exhaust the possibilities for witty comment. Thus it is that "When

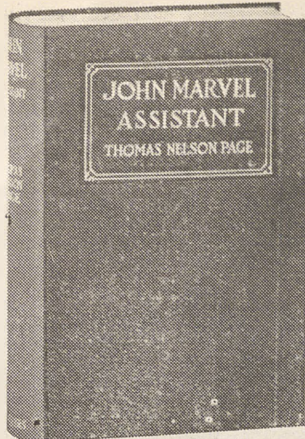
East Comes West" affords Mrs. Halsey opportunity to look at more of the remarkable small peculiarities of this Southern California settlement. The "furnished rooms and apartments" with their fold-in-the-walls arrangements, the car service in Pasadena, Chinatown, state division, the city's wonderful lighting system, chances for investment and a trip or two about Los Angeles are among the topics so pungently handled by Eben Slocum in his letters to "Bill." When Eben tells the landlady, "If there had been a revolving chair in the kitchenette, I might have paid a deposit to hold it, for fear some other blamed fool would get it away from me, but seeing as she had neglected so important a matter as that, I didn't dare take it, for fear I'd get tangled up in the furniture, and some morning she'd find me hung up on one of those pot-hooks, dead as a door-nail," it must be a grouchy individual who does not respond with feeling. There are many good laughs hidden between the covers of this sprightly little book—a good remedy for the "blues." (When East Comes West." By Mina Deane Halsey. Printed for the author by J. J. Little & Ives Co.)

### "Needles and Pins"

Mrs. Mina Deane Halsey, one of Los Angeles' successful authors who called forth smiles and favorable comment a year ago by her novel and pointed comment in a "Tenderfoot in Southern California," may have been thinking of that familiar couplet, "Needles and pins, needles and pins, when a man marries his trouble begins," when she collected the stray sharp and witty epigrams comprising "Needles and Pins," one of two brand-new productions from her clever pen. But, perhaps, this is just a fancy, since the context does not necessarily point to such a conclusion. Remembering always, as you read, that it is "the other fellow" to whom she refers—nothing personal, you know—"it is to laugh" at life in general, and "grow fat"—just see if you do not. For instance, "Just as long as there is a fool man ready to travel down hill, there will always a bigger fool woman coming up hill to meet him half way," "dogs remember their masters, but they wouldn't if they could help themselves," "the young girl who pins her faith on a married man should use safety pins," "the only man we ever heard of who wanted to be a woman died at an early age of softening of the brain," "when we see some of the apologies that are called men, we almost wonder if the good Lord didn't get the tags mixed." There are gleams of finer sentiment in such as, "Try and keep your anthill of success out of the shadow of the other fellow's mountain—it won't seem so small to you," and "It's wit keeps the world laughing, but it's sentiment that keeps it thinking." But why yield to the temptation to give all the good things away? After all, the book is excellently labeled. ("Needles and Pins." By Mina Deane Halsey. Printed for the author by J. J. Little & Ives Co.)

### "The House on the North Shore"

Did Marion Foster Washburne intend to address the lads and lasses when she wrote "The House on the North Shore," or did she have in mind the older heads of the household? Having for its chief thought the earnest endeavors of solicitous parents for the higher mastery of self in two beautiful, highly strung children, over whose heads hung the black cloud of hereditary insanity, it appears that she must have been moved by the latter purpose. And yet, when the fine intelligence of the average high school boy or girl is recalled, and the fresh healthful mentality of modern youth, the tantalizing suggestions of deep mystery that brood over that deserted house on the north shore of one of the great lakes, seem such as to pique young readers, and there is a delightfully youthful tone throughout. To be sure, it is not quite reasonable to suppose that any inquisitive American boy or girl would have reached the years of Robert and Beth Warfield and not have figured out the situation. But that would have been too tame, and there would have been no story to tell, so the unexplained yearly trips to the great ranch in Wyoming, just when school work was to be rounded out and prizes won, the mysterious appearance and freedom of Mrs. L. M. Taetzel in the family circle, the strange rescue of the mad dweller at the "House" and numerous peculiar occurrences add a spicy dash of Sherlock Holmes interest. Seriously, the



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This is a live story of the present day. It is not sectional, but contains characters both from the south and north. The story opens in a southern college, and later moves to a southern town, but the main incidents of the tale are located in a typical city of the middle west. The social conditions which are under the unrest of the present day are vividly pictured by real men and women, who take part in the active life of a modern city.

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conclusion of the whole matter is uttered by Margaret Warfield, the faithful, trustful wife and mother, "You two children are our life's work—our final experiment—our proof to the world that heredity, rightly seen, is not an unescapable curse. For the forces of all Nature, and of God, work constantly to overcome weakness and disorder, and to establish order." To which the daughter, remembering Jeff Stanton, waiting on a faraway Wyoming ranch, answers, "When I am called I shall answer! I and my children," closing a pretty romance satisfactorily, since love is ever stronger and greater than any evil existent. ("The House on the North Shore." By Marion Foster Washburne. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

### Magazines For November

Ida M. Tarbell's first of a series of papers on "The American Woman" is the leading article in the November number of The American Magazine. The papers deal with the emancipation of the American woman from the traditional theory that her life and interest should be confined absolutely to household affairs. The first of the contributions is "The Awakening," and reviews the lives of prominent women of early America, their interests and outside influences. John Kenneth Turner's second installment of his sensational series of articles on "Barbarous Mexico" deals with the tragic story of the Yaqui Indians. Of special interest to Los Angelenos are these stories, since the man who gave incentive to them and who accompanied the author on his investigation of conditions is Senor de Lara, now being held in the county jail here pending the outcome of the extradition requisition by the Mexican government, which charges him with being a revolutionist. William J. Locke's new serial story, "Simon, the Jester," is begun in this number. Short stories include interesting bits by Inez Haynes Gillmore, Mrs. L. H. Harris, Bernice Fearn Young, and others.

There is much meat for the lover of good fiction in the November number of Lippincott's. Mary Imlay Taylor contributes the novel with a semi-political tale, entitled "The Magnate of Paradise," that has a peculiarly masculine flavor. Arthur Stanley Riggs gives a number of quaint pen pictures of Naples, and there is quantity of excellent verse. Anne Warner has a story in her well-known vein, called "A Dead Letter Come to Life." Marion Hill contributes a lively little sketch, "Mary and Martha at Lunch," and Tom Masson rambles humorously in a domestic tale. Elliott Flower, Walter Pulitzer and Helen Talbot Porter also offer bits of fiction. Besides this attractive list is the "Walnuts and Wine" column and pertinent comments on subjects of the day in "Ways of the Hour."

November's issue of the Pacific Monthly acclaims the industries and attractions of the Hawaiian Islands—a subject particularly interesting to the people of the coast. The fiction field is cared for by John Fleming Wilson, Elizabeth Lambert Wood and Felix Benguiat, and a number of more serious subjects treated by Day Allen Willey, who writes of the forest fires, Stephen S. Wise, Charles Erskine Scott Wood and Randall E. Howard. The current issue is even more profusely illustrated than usual, both with photographs and drawings.



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# MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

By Blanche Rogers Lott

In these columns frequent reference has been made to the splendid work done for music by the leading woman's clubs in their musical programs. All over the country, and even in Europe, the woman's club assists the growth in the love for the best music. One of these organizations in a town far removed from the art and music centers, has brought the great artist to their very doors. They are also a great encouragement to the local field, providing engagements to resident artists and preventing stagnation to their progress, which can only be done by occasional appearances. Most excellent musical programs are being arranged by the Friday Morning and Ebell clubs. The first one given by the Friday Morning Club this season was provided by Mrs. Mary Le Grand Reed, a soprano now living here, and one who is especially equipped for recital work, having a beautiful voice, thoroughly prepared for her work, combined with musicianship is a delightful personality. The program was an interesting one, but a group of old French songs would have added more color and variety to the program which was lacking in this respect. An old English ballad, used as an encore near the close, showed how charmingly the old music relieves the almost sameness of a program of all modern French and American songs. The program was:

"Les Regrets" (Godard), "Love's Springtide" (Hammond), "Love Has Wings" (Rogers), "Belle et Moi" (Mrs. H. H. A. Beach), "An Qui Brula d'Amour" (Tschalkowsky), "Retreat" (Like the Rosebud), "The Butterfly" (La Forge), "Aire De Salome" (Massenet), "Ah, Love, But a Day" (Mrs. H. H. A. Beach), "Love Caprices" (Parjeon), "If I Should Come a-Loving" (Petit Pied Rose) (M. V. White), "Il Neige" (Bemberg), "Ah, Je Veux Vivre" (Gounod).

Miss O'Donoghue added much to the morning by her clean, delicate and well-understood accompaniments, and she was appreciated by singer and audience.

The twelfth season of the Philharmonic course will open with a concert by Jeanne Jomelli, the Dutch soprano, November 18. Assisting her will be Marie Nichols, violinist, and Magdalen Worden, pianist, whose songs are becoming well known. November 30, George Hamlin, who is considered the best concert tenor of the day, sings to us one of the most intelligent programs of the season. Artists to follow within a few weeks of each other are: Madam Sembrich, Frank La Forge accompanying; Fritz Kreisler, Haddon Squire at the piano; Schumann-Heink, and Carreno.

Mme. Carreno will do honor to MacDowell, en tour, by playing his Kiltie sonata. Miss Alice Coleman will play this sonata at the first concert of the American Music Society, December 2. Of the visiting artists, Jomelli, George Hamlin and Carreno will appear at symphony concerts.

Messrs. Jules and Maurice Koopman, violinist and 'cellist, recently of London, make their first appearance here November 11, at the Gamut Club Auditorium. Besides groups of solos, Beethoven's B flat trio and Phantasistucke op. 88 by Schumann will be played by Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott and Messrs. Koopman. Mr. Lott, baritone, adds two groups of songs.

Dr. Wullner, who sings here December 3, gives the following definition of interpretive art, which is his art, and which explains his success: "To be able to understand the motives, the feelings, the emotions of another human being is in itself a gift that is given to the few. To be able to give that understanding out, in other words, to express it intelligently to an audience, that is art. You must be able to put yourself into the same frame of mind, the same train of thought as was the poet when he wrote the words. Then, when you have put yourself under his

skin, so to speak, you are able to understand the words in their every import, you take upon yourself the psychology of that poet; and you are, in a sense, his other self when you give his work to the public. You cannot fail to make live the spirit of the words when you have accomplished this."

The first concert given by the Municipal Band will occur Thursday, November 4, at Central Park. The regular concert days will be Thursdays and Sundays. Harley Hamilton will conduct.

Pasquale de Nubila, a Francisco violin pupil who has been in Europe but a few months, has been accepted by Sevcik as a pupil. As this great master's health has not been very good, he receives but a few pupils each season, so the talented boy is fortunate.

Archibald Sessions will give his first organ recital of the season Wednesday evening at Christ church. His program includes a new work by the Swedish composer, Sjogren, and five Biblical songs by Dvorak, sung by Mr. Lott.

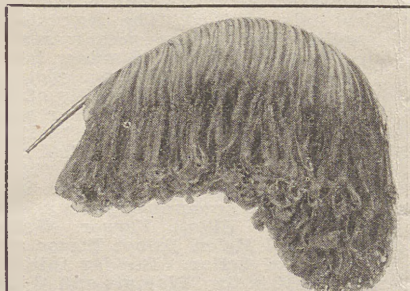
The National Institute is considering the offering of prizes for a national anthem. Although it is recognized that "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "America" are called national anthems, it is thought by members that there should be one distinctly national air and a decision as to what the behavior of Americans should be whenever it is played in public.

The most wonderful of wonder children for many, many years, Pepito Arriola, will arrive in New York, November 6, playing first in New York a week later. He is not quite eleven years of age, and has been called the second Mozart.

Alexander Heindl, the 'cellist, who gave several recitals here not many years ago, has been chosen as one of the solo 'cellists of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, under Gustav Mahler.

The first Ellis Club concert will be given November 9, with Mrs. Mary LeGrand Reed as soloist.

Signor Lucchesi, who came to Los Angeles from Boston on account of his health, is devoting himself to his opera, "Marquis de Pompadour," besides busy-ing himself with his classes. Notwithstanding the subject of his opera is French—dealing with the time of Louis XV—he is making it an English opera, and the libretto is being written by Mrs. Florenz Richmond of San Francisco. Although Italian by birth, Signor Lucchesi is very much Americanized, and is desirous of assisting in the formation of an American operatic repertoire. This work already has been taken up by the directors of the New York Metropolitan Theater, who recognize the fact that Americans want to hear their operas in their native tongue. They who have had the privilege of hearing Signor Lucchesi's opera are enthusiastic over both the music and the pretty story it evolves.



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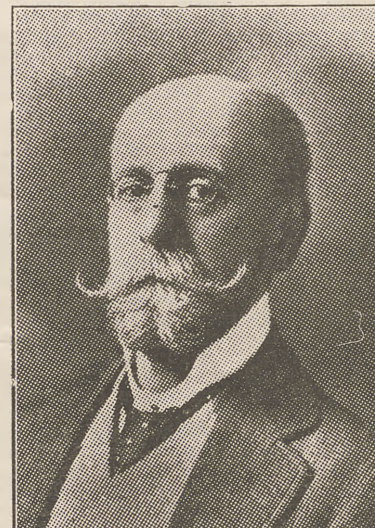
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One of the finest collections of paintings ever brought together in the west is now finding a resting place at the Lankershim Hotel, and is in the care of Mr. Ray Skelton, highly regarded as a connoisseur and dealer. The collection comprises some of the best work of the Barbazon school, painted around 1875, when most of the members were in their prime. Perhaps the gem of the lot is a little Diaz. This work, about 16x20 inches, shows all the enchanting and poetic coloring which characterizes that painter's masterpieces. In it is found that singular clarity of color, which can only have been brought about by numerous experiences, that resourcefulness in the use of paint in his later work to be noted far more than in the pictures he produced earlier in life. On this canvas is seen a brightness and joyousness of light that is only found in those paintings executed after his intimate friend, Rousseau, had taught him all he knew. Diaz was undoubtedly one of the world's greatest colorists. In his figure drawing he was not always infallible; yet who are there who can feel to the full the magic of their colors, and their fantasy, and be troubled by the artist's oftentimes impetuous description of both human beings and landscapes?

One of Corot's landscapes, misty and full of poetry, is shown. Corot loved to paint the morning mists and the soft shadows of evening. There, perhaps, never was another such artist who heard all the rhythmic voices whereby nature speaks; birds caroling, trees putting forth their leaves, fountains sparkling, grain fields waving—never was there one so permeated with the entrancing draughts of nature. Corot simply reveled in it; it was his life. One sees this in his pictures, with their soft, poetical grays and their dreamy trees. It is nature radiantly delineated. Corot's pictures are so spontaneous, so whole-souled. This is accounted for by the fact of the extreme dislike he had to devoting a long time over a canvas or to take it up anew. What he sought was the immediate interpretation. He said, "To enter well into my landscapes one must have at least the patience to let the mist rise; one only penetrates therein little by little, and when one is there one ought to enjoy oneself."

Troyon is also represented by his cattle, ineffable in a Troyon landscape. It is a lovely picture. Cattle graze peacefully in a meadow, with the sunshine playing on and about them. He has ended these happy beasts—for they are happy as Troyon has painted them—with a sentiment that expresses the story of vigorous creatures patiently serving a weaker being. They are there so perfect in their surroundings—in such perfect relation to the atmosphere of the fields, which encompass them. His artistic quality is seen in the unfailing maintenance of a true tonality. His colors and lights are in the same key. There is no salient starting forth of brilliant parts, which might better please the less artistic eye, but every element of his picture is modified by an artistic perception of relative tones.

Mr. Skelton also has the largest Jacques in America. It is about 28x35, the next largest being in the possession of Mr. Knoller of New York, and that is only 20x30. One of the finest decorative paintings exhibited in this country is also shown. It is by Knifer, and represents the "Greeting of the Wind and the Waves." The coloring is exquisitely delicate. The wind in the form of a youth has descended and is kissing the arm of the waves, represented by a young girl. The whole picture vibrates with life—so different from the usual historic or decorative art. It is almost impressionistic in its vivacity.

Two pictures of Shreyer, the battle and military Dutch painter, are shown. Two of the best of the modern pictures seen are those of Charlet, the winner of gold medals at almost every exhibition he entered. One of these canvases represents children playing and wading on the seashore; the other is a genre

interior. Both are strong impersonations of life in its most natural form. The children wading is particularly brilliant in its depiction of the sunshine playing on the little legs of the wading tots.

Two of Bernard de Hooz' canvases are charming in their delineation of peasant life. One of these canvases, particularly, is reminiscent of Jean Francois Millet, and is perhaps equal to anything he ever did. A beauty is a little canvas, not more than 8x10, painted by the Dutchman, Ten Kate. The coloring is glorious and is for all the world like a little Teniers. Rarely does Los Angeles house paintings of such world renown as those shown by Mr. Skelton.

Mr. Oscar Borg has recently returned to this city after a two years' stay in Central America, where he has been studying the life and habits of the Indians. Mr. Borg has brought back with him a most comprehensive collection of paintings and sketches of life in that part of the world. The canvases are strong and well drawn, excellent in color and have plenty of atmosphere. Mr. Borg with probably give an exhibition in the near future.

The Painters Club will open its exhibition at the Blanchard gallery November 1, and will continue it for two weeks.

Mr. Jack Stark will hold his exhibition of sketches and paintings of southern Spain and France from November 15 to November 29.

Mr. Kanst, of the Kanst Art Gallery, has received a number of new paintings from the best-known eastern artists, including Edward Gay, Leonare Ochtman, Bonneval, Burge Harrison, E. Couse, Charles A. Curran and Bruce Crane. These paintings are not yet on exhibition, but will probably be shown in the near future, and, meantime, anyone wishing to see them has only to ask Mr. Kanst, who will be glad to display them.

The exhibition of paintings by Mr. Ralph Davidson Miller will remain open for another week. He has lately hung some extra canvases which are well worth seeing.

Mr. Cross, the well-known painter of Indian life and one-time intimate friend of the Barbazon painters, Millet, Corot, Rousseau and Diaz, will leave soon for Washington, to study the records of Indian warfare there. Mr. Cross has recently received a commission to decorate a hall at Milwaukee, now being built by Mr. Thorpe, with scenes of Indian battles, generals and chiefs, from the beginning of American history to the present day. This is rather a colossal undertaking and will take Mr. Cross several years to complete.

Albert Groll, the eastern artist who was here a year or two ago, coming from Arizona and Mexico, where he has been passing the summer studying nature in the open air, is back in his studio in New York, where a private view has been shown of his painting of an Arizona mesa, with a cloud sweeping over it. The canvas is to be hung at the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design. The art critic of the Post says it marks a long step in the painter's progress. It is the cloud that plays the principal part, the plain and the mesa being accessories, though there is an exquisite bit of painting in the luminous shadow across the foreground. In this picture the cloud, as it moves along the brilliantly blue sky, with the rain pouring from it more implied than expressed, with dark little clouds at its base sweeping in to add to its size, and all light above, gives one the impression of immensity, of great power, and yet a gentle force at that. Mr. Groll has also just finished a sunset scene in the same section of the country, where the coloring is rich without being violent, and in which the feeling of solitude is expressed with intensity. Charming, too, is the sunlit sky in another picture, with small clouds chasing across it, and there are three pastels, intended for exhibition at the Philadelphia Academy, in which the artist has played the gamut of all the brilliant colors to be found on the desert, from the rich orange of the sand to the purple shadows thrown by the cacti.

An interesting find of only a few

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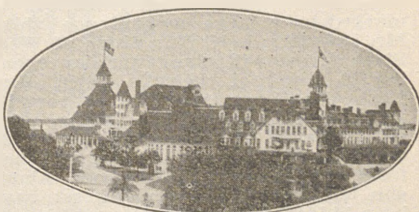
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THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and the Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

days ago is reported of the dinner and dessert services begun by Josiah Wedgwood and Thomas Bentley in 1774 and finished in 1777 for Empress Catherine II. of Russia. They had been given up for lost, but after a long and persistent search, in which the Czar took a personal interest, were discovered in a store room of the Peterhof Palace in St. Petersburg. Eight hundred of the 952 pieces were recovered. Outside a few of the wedgwood jasper pieces, these two services had the reputation of being the finest work that was ever turned out of Etruria, but probably a great deal of their reputation rested on their having disappeared. However, they made quite a little sensation when they were exhibited in Wedgwood's shop in Greek street, Soho, just before being sent to Russia. The story of how the services were made is rather interesting, and should prove particularly so to those who own specimens of Queen's ware, as it was called.

The Circle of Friends of the Medalion, an association of artists recently formed by Charles de Kay of the National Arts Club of New York, has just issued its first bronze medal. Rene T. de Quelin, a charter member, is delighted with the one he has received, which proves to be an exquisite expression of the sculptor's art. The subject, which was designed by John Flanagan, is to recall the festivities by which the state and city of New York sought to honor the memory of two great men, Henry Hudson and Robert Fulton. On the face side of the medal appears two superb portraits of Hudson and Fulton in profile, marvelous in drawing and expression, and wonderful in its exquisite, sensitive, tender modeling, the zenith of perfection in this art. On the reverse side is represented a scene of lower New York City, from the river, as seen today, with the Clermont and Half Moon afloat, and a symbolic figure in the foreground recumbent on clouds, holding an electric lamp in her hand, the whole symbolizing the past and present, covering three centuries. All lovers of art, irrespective of sex, are invited to join this society for the advancement, improvement and artistic worth of American medals, coins and smaller plastic works, encouragement for American sculptors and a wider education of the public in this charming and intimate branch of art. Mr. Rene T. de Quelin will be pleased to communicate with anyone desiring membership.



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By Ruth Burke

Next week's social festivities will be marked by a large house dance which Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys of West Sixth street will give Thursday evening in honor of their daughter, Miss Kate Van Nuys, and also in compliment to Miss Katherine Graves, who, with Mrs. J. A. Graves and Mr. J. A. Graves, Jr., have recently returned from a six months' trip abroad. About one hundred of the younger set have been bidden to the function, which will be one of the most delightful of the season. In compliment to Miss Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stuart of Alhambra will entertain about thirty friends at dinner the first of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys were host and hostess last Saturday evening at a handsomely appointed dinner at Hotel Virginia. Their guests included Mr. William David Scholle of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stuart, Mrs. Florence Rothenberg, Mr. Alfred Rothenberg, Mr. Edward Rothenberg, Miss Annis Van Nuys and Mr. Benton Van Nuys.

Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of 987 Magnolia avenue entertained yesterday with a 1 o'clock luncheon in compliment to Miss Kate Van Nuys. The appointments were in pink, a quantity of fragrant roses being used in the arrangement. Besides the guest of honor and hostess, covers at the table were laid for Misses Annis Van Nuys, Lucy Clark, Mary Clark, Katherine Clark, Helen Wells, Katherine Graves, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, Mary Lindley, Marion Macneil, Amy Brunswick, Mmes. W. L. Graves, Jr., Edith Merchant and William Hamilton Toaz.

Mrs. H. F. Vollmer of 614 Coronado street is entertaining today with a matinee party and luncheon in compliment to Misses Edna and Gladys Letts, who have just returned from an extended European trip, and also in honor of their house guest, Miss Mildred Williams of York, Pa. Other guests will include Mrs. Arthur Letts and Mrs. Vollmer's two daughters, Mrs. W. W. Mines and Miss Pauline Vollmer. Mrs. Letts plans to give a large party in November in compliment to Miss Williams, and this affair will serve also as the medium of the Misses Letts' debut into society.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Owen Humphreys Churchill of 2201 South Figueroa street for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Gertrude Churchill, to Mr. Francis Pierpont Davis. The ceremony will be one of the society events of the season and will be celebrated at the Woman's club house, Wednesday evening, November 17. Mrs. David H. McCarthy, sister of the bride-elect, will be her matron of honor and only attendant. Following the service, a reception will be held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Davis will leave for their wedding trip, to be gone a month. Upon their return, they will make their home with the bride's parents, pending the completion of their own home at Manhattan street and Wilshire boulevard.

One of the delightful affairs of Monday evening was the handsomely appointed supper party at Levy's by General and Mrs. Robert Wankowski, followed by a box party at the Auditorium. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. John Philip Sousa, Miss Helen Sousa, Miss Priscilla Sousa and Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald.

Simple in its appointments, but particularly artistic, will be the wedding today of Miss Rosalind Gilleas, daughter of Mrs. Michael Gilleas of 215 La Brea avenue, Hollywood, to Mr. James Hughes Arrighi of Natchez, Miss. The ceremony will take place at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament at Hollywood, and the pretty auditorium will be attractively decorated for the event with a quantity of white chrysanthemums and palms. The altar will be banked with the same flowers, and tapers will be lighted for the illumination. There will be no attendants except the best man, Mr. William Allen Adams. The brother of the bride, Mr. Geoffrey Gilleas, will give her away.

Owing to a recent bereavement in the family, the service is to be celebrated in a simple manner, and will be witnessed only by relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Arrighi will leave immediately afterward for a wedding trip to New York. The bride-elect is a daughter of the late Mr. Michael Gilleas, at one time vice-president of the Illinois Central railroad.

Miss Ethel Fraser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fraser of Ocean Park, whose marriage to Mr. Edward Prentiss of Denver is to be one of the social events of next month, is being delightfully feted by her many friends. One of the prettily appointed affairs planned in her honor is a large bridge party which Mrs. Walter Pomeroy Eaton of the Cambria Union will give Thursday afternoon, November 4. About forty-five guests are invited for the occasion, and Mrs. Eaton will be assisted by her sister, Mrs. Emil Ducommun, Mrs. Charles E. Groesbeck and Miss Grace Carr, the latter two of Ocean Park. The ball room, downstairs, will be used for the afternoon, and this will be artistically decorated with chrysanthemums and potted plants. Mrs. Charles E. Groesbeck also plans to entertain in Miss Fraser's honor, and will give a dinner party for her and her betrothed after the latter's arrival from Denver, November 6.

Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth of 1103 Lake street was hostess Tuesday afternoon at the second of a series of luncheons and bridge whist parties which she is giving. The card tables were arranged in the conservatory, and the home was artistically decorated with a pretty profusion of blossoms and greenery. Among the guests were Mmes. Henry Clay Gooding, David McCartney, Henderson Hayward, Owen H. Churchill, J. T. Fitzgerald, R. P. McJohnston, Alexander Barrett, H. M. Bishop, Mathew Robertson, J. W. McAllister, E. H. Moore, D. A. Ham-burger, John Powers, Walter Perry Story, Carl Kurtz, Edwin S. Rowley, C. E. Stoner, Edward L. Doheny, Charles W. Hinchcliffe, E. A. Featherstone, Willard Stimson, Richard Bronson, S. B. Henderson, S. K. Lindley, W. W. Johnson and E. W. Britt.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Patterson left the latter part of the week for an eastern trip, which is planned to include a visit to Mrs. Patterson's brother, in Crockett, Texas, and stops in New Orleans and other principal cities of the south, through territory which, as a soldier, Mr. Patterson traversed at the time of the civil war. They also will visit their former home town, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Mrs. Carl Kurtz of 1129 South Alvarado street was hostess Thursday at a luncheon and bridge party given for about twenty-five of her friends. Pale pink chrysanthemums were used in the living room decorations and in the dining room Enchantress carnations were prettily arranged. The hall was entirely in yellow, acacia blossoms being utilized. Those who accepted invitations for the afternoon were Mmes. Guy Barham, Fred Johnson, A. E. Featherstone, Walter J. Trask, Jack Jevne, L. D. Sale, William E. Dunn, William R. Rowland, E. T. Stimson, Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., James Moore, Simon Maier, J. Norris, J. H. W. Myers, W. T. Miller, W. P. Story, A. L. Cheney, F. B. Henderson, E. J. Marshall, F. J. Carlisle, Lorraine Bayly, Misses Nina Rowland, Mamie Maier, Hildreth Maier, and Margaret Woollacott.

Mrs. Dan McFarland of 645 West Twenty-second street left Thursday morning for New York, where she will join her daughter, Miss Sallie McFarland, who has been visiting in the east with friends for several weeks. Mrs. McFarland and her daughter will pass two months in the eastern metropolis, and will return to their home here together.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagan entertained Tuesday evening with a box party at the Majestic Theater for Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brent and Mr. and Mrs. W. Mackie. Friday evening they entertained with a box party at the Burbank Theater, their guests on this occasion being Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Morton and Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Hagan entertained with a bridge party at her home, 758 Lake street. She was assisted by Mmes. J. Crampton Anderson, E. L. Doheny, Richard Ferris, F. W. Braun and Charles Canfield. Thursday afternoon Mrs. Hagan was hostess at a second bridge whist party. Her assist-

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ants on the latter day were Mmes. J. C. Brown, Edwin J. Brent, Frank Bowles, O. W. Morton, Frank Boswell, W. Mackie and Miss Blanche Hall.

Among Hotel Virginia guests who have been entertaining largely are Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Cook of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Cook occupy handsome apartments on the ocean side of the hotel and are there for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. James N. Marshall and Miss Minnie Allen have returned to their home in Pasadena after several weeks' stay at the Virginia.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Park of Montecito, Cal., for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Margaretta Park, to Mr. William Frew. The ceremony will be celebrated Friday, November 12, at high noon, at the home of the bride's parents, "Karlsruhe." Miss Park, who is a cousin of Mrs. William Toaz, formerly Miss Edith Herron of this city, is well known in the exclusive society circles of Los Angeles, having visited here a number of times as a guest in the Herron household. Mr. and Mrs. Frew will make their home in Pittsburg, where they will be at home to their friends, after December 1, at Beechwood Hall, Fifth avenue.

Among the many parties enjoyed by the little folk in celebration of Halloween, one of the merriest was that given Friday evening by Master Junior Hadley, son of Dr. Frank H. Hadley of 2323 West Ninth street. The decorations symbolized the holiday occasion in artistic fashion. Grinning Jack-o-lanterns served in illuminating, and other Halloween novelties were utilized in the picturesque arrangement. The evening was devoted by the boys and girls to the playing of old-fashioned games, characteristic of the occasion, and later a supper was served in the dining room. Here the decorations also were appropriate to the Halloween, and each little guest received a Jack-o-lantern as a souvenir. Master Hadley's guests included little Misses Bernice La Cass, Genevieve Lusher, Lillian Lusher and Master Willis Lusher.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Rule, who have been making their home in this city for a number of months, have returned again to Venice, where, with their two little daughters, Alice and Winnifred, and with Mrs. Rule's mother, Mrs. John Milner, they will remain all winter.

Many delightful features are scheduled for the Friday Morning Club's program for November. Friday, November 5, Mr. Isadore Jacobs, president of the California Traffic Association, will speak on "Special Privileges." Mr. Jacobs has been active in the Good Government organization of San Francisco, and is one of the experts on transportation in the west. A week later, Mr. Otheman Stevens will speak before the club on "Around the World in Forty Minutes." November 19, Mr. Hector Allott will talk on "Victor Hugo, the Man." November 26, Mr. Harry Mestayer of the Burbank Theater will present before the club John Galsworthy's play, "The Silver Box." Wednesday, November 10, a meeting of the book committee will be held, when will be featured a discussion of the subject and matter of Mrs. Richard Hovey's recent lecture before the club,

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Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jobson, who have lived in Los Angeles for the last eight years have gone north, and will make their future home in Seattle. Mr. Johnson left for Seattle a few weeks ago, and later will be joined by his wife, who at present is visiting in San Francisco. Mrs. Jack F. Reynolds of Hollywood, who accompanied her mother, Mrs. Jobson, to San Francisco, will return to her home here within a month or six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Emerson of Davenport, Iowa, who were here last winter, at the Iris apartments, have returned and are at the Louvre apartments. When in the east this summer, Mr. Emerson disposed of his handsome residence, yacht, houseboat, motor car and other possessions, and with his wife plans to make Los Angeles his permanent home city. He still retains his interests in a large mercantile business in Davenport, of which he is the head.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Ramsey and child, with maid and chauffeur, motored to Coronado last week and registered at Hotel del Coronado for a short stay.

Miss Sue Hunter of 2683 Ellendale place will pass the winter in Seattle, Wash. She was a guest at the governor's ball to the exposition officials, and is being entertained at many other delightful affairs.

One of the several motoring parties to Coronado last week included Mr. H. H. Gustin of this city, who was accompanied by Mr. F. K. Gustin and Mr. W. R. Hulburt of Chicago.

Mrs. William J. Porter of 2927 Hobart boulevard entertained Sunday evening with a musical and dinner party in compliment to Mr. and Mrs. F. Sherer, who have just returned from their wedding trip through the north, and also in honor of Judge and Mrs. W. J. Kirkpatrick of Arizona. This was the first of a series of affairs with which Mr. and Mrs. Porter will entertain this winter.

Miss Helen Tappe's musical recital, which she was to give Friday evening, November 12, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Birkel, 2303 South Figueroa street, has been postponed until Tuesday evening, November 16.

Members of the Ebell Club celebrated their fifteenth anniversary Monday afternoon with a reception at the club house. In the receiving line were Mrs. Willits J. Hole, president; Mrs. Frank W. King, former president; Mrs. George H. Kress, Mrs. A. C. Smith, Mrs. George Warder Bayly, Mrs. William H. Jamison, Mrs. William Warren Orcutt, Mrs. Edgar C. Bellows, Mrs. Jay B. Millard, Mrs. Augustus Hine, Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle, Mrs. P. G. Hubert, Mrs. Edward C. Dieter and Mrs. William L. Jones.

Los Angeliens, especially those of the pioneer days, will be particularly interested in the announcement which comes from Culver, Ind., of the marriage there, October 24, of Major Horace Bell of Berkeley, formerly of this city, to Mrs. Emily J. Culver, one of the founders and, since her first husband's death, sole owner of the famous military school on Lake Maxinkuckee, to which they had given their name. The ceremony took place at the beautiful home of the bride, and was attended only by relatives. Rev. G. L. Mackintosh, president of the Wabash College, officiated. Major Bell's wedding followed a tour amid boyhood scenes, including New Albany, Corydon, Louisville and Indianapolis, where he was warmly welcomed and royally entertained. Immediately following the wedding, Major and Mrs. Bell left for Berkeley. They plan to occupy the picturesque home there, which overlooks the bay and Golden Gate, during the winter months and the summers, they will pass in the bride's home on Lake Maxinkuckee. Major Bell was born in New Albany, but came to California in 1852. In 1861 he went east to enlist in the Civil War in a regiment from his native state. He was

one of General Grant's trusted scouts, and for his good services was tendered a vote of thanks by the war department. For many years he has been one of the most picturesque members of the California bar. A daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, wife of a prominent business man, lives in this city, which, until recently, and for many years, was the home of Major Bell.

Mrs. Mathew H. Everhardy of Alvarado terrace has issued invitations for a bridge party to be given Tuesday afternoon, November 2.

Among the charming sojourners who will pass the winter at Hotel Virginia is Mrs. E. E. Abbott of New York. Mrs. Abbott heretofore has passed the winter months at the inland resorts.

Miss A. Johnson of Louisville, Ky., a member of the family of "Marse" Henry Watterson, the renowned editor of the Louisville Courier Journal, has registered at the Virginia for an indefinite stay.

Mr. Myer Siegel, after an absence of five weeks, visiting Baltimore and New York City, has returned to his home, 1041 Magnolia avenue.

Among the Los Angeliens who were at Hotel del Coronado for the week ending Saturday, October 23, were Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Seeley, Mr. J. H. Pearman, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Leavenworth, Mr. George Morrison, Mr. J. M. Lind, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Day, Mr. D. P. Hatch, Mr. J. B. Lippincott, Mr. S. R. Chase, Mr. Harrison Albright, Mr. E. Strauss, Mr. Strauss, Miss Alice Strauss, and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sprague.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and daughter, Miss Truman, are guests at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Duque, accompanied by Miss Ascencion Galdos of Havana, Cuba, motored recently to Coronado, where they were guests at Hotel del Coronado. Mr. Duque, who is consul in Los Angeles for Nicaragua, Honduras, Cuba and Ecuador, is owner of the San Felipe ranch near this city.

Among the residents of The Virginia who attended the Portola festival were Dr. W. Harriman Jones and Manager Carl Stanley, both of whom report a most enjoyable week in the northern metropolis.

Among the prominent week-enders at The Virginia were Mr. Robert L. Bettner of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Bohn of Los Angeles, Mrs. J. G. Greenough of Hollywood, Mrs. A. N. Kreamer of Los Angeles, Mr. Robert W. Taylor of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Tomblin of Los Angeles.

Of particular interest in society and club circles was the annual tea of the Friday Morning Club, given Tuesday afternoon at the Woman's club house. In the receiving line with the president, Mrs. O. P. Clark, were Mrs. Shelley H. Tolhurst, former president, and Mrs. Charles Farwell Edson, Dr. Dorothea Moore, Mrs. Morris Albee, Mrs. Jules Kauffman and Mrs. N. K. Potter.

Mr. E. S. Shepard, cashier of the First National Bank of Concord, N. H., together with Mrs. Shepard and Mr. W. F. Heath, were luncheon and dinner guests at the Hotel Virginia last Saturday of Mr. R. D. Judkins, the popular cashier of the First National Bank of Long Beach.

Date for the marriage of Miss Annetta Hoegge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hoegge of West Vermont avenue, to Mr. A. E. Flinn, has been set for November 24. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride's parents. A number of pre-nuptial affairs are being given in compliment to Miss Hoegge.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Braly and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Braly are domiciled in their new home at 201 South Orange Grove avenue, where they will receive their friends.

As a surprise to their many friends was news of the marriage of Mrs. Elizabeth Dildine of 949 South Broadway to Mr. John M. Bryson, son of the late ex-Mayor Bryson and Mrs. Evaline Bryson. The ceremony took place Thursday of last week at the residence of Dr. Hugh K. Walker, Rev. Mr. Adams of Ocean Park officiating. Only a few of the intimate friends of the bride witnessed the ceremony and immediately after Mr. and Mrs. Bryson left for an extended auto trip. The

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bridegroom is the father of Mr. Frank Bryson, public administrator, and has a host of friends in this city, where the family is one of prominence.

Friends of Mrs. S. W. Robinson will be pleased to learn that she is rapidly convalescing from her recent illness. She has decided to remain at the Virginia for an indefinite period.

Mr. J. M. Drake of Riverside has been the guest this week of his brother, Col. Charles R. Drake, at the Virginia.

Mr. George Wardman of Los Angeles entertained Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Wardman of Glendora at luncheon Saturday last at the Virginia.

Mrs. George D. Rowan and her daughters, Misses Fannie and Florence Rowan, who have been traveling in Europe for several months, write entertaining letters to their friends here of their trip. They will pass the remainder of their time in Paris, and will sail for home about the middle of November, reaching here early in December.

Mrs. A. Freese and family of 940 West Washington street have returned from San Francisco, where they were guests for a month at the St. Francis Hotel. Miss Louise Freese has remained in the north for a week's visit with Miss Helen Gardner in Oakland. Wednesday of this week Miss Freese was the guest of honor at a dinner dance, given on board the St. Louis by Paymaster and Mrs. Victor Fuller. The affair was one of the smartest society events of the week in the northern city.

Judge and Mrs. Thomas L. Winder and their daughter, Miss Winder, are now occupying their new home at Tenth avenue and West Adams street, where Mrs. Winder and Miss Winder will be at home to their friends Wednesdays.

Date for the wedding of Miss Florence Newmark and Mr. Sylvain S. Kauffman of San Francisco has been set for November 21. Miss Newmark is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Newmark of 905 Beacon street, and the wedding will be of notable importance in Jewish society circles.

Mrs. Henry H. Sinclair and Miss Marjory Sinclair of South Orange Grove boulevard, Pasadena, have returned to their home after a three weeks' visit in Silver City.

Among the well-known folk who are to pass the winter months in Pasadena are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Sturdevant and their daughter, Miss Sturdevant. Mrs. Sturdevant is the sister of Mrs. Theodore Shonts. They will be guests at Hotel Maryland.

### New Blue Book Coming

Southwest Blue Book Company of 350 South Los Angeles street will issue the Blue Book for 1910 about November 10. The new edition includes every city in Southern California, and is on a more ambitious scale than has been heretofore attempted.

# Knox Hats

SOLE AGENCY

## Fall and Winter STYLES SILK, STIFF AND SOFT HATS

Now Ready at  
203-205-207 South Spring St.  
"HOLLENBECK HOTEL"



We are conducting an  
**Autumn Sale**  
OF  
**Household Linens**

This sale should be of great interest to every economical housekeeper, for we are offering splendid values in

**TOWELS, NAPKINS,  
DAMASK,  
PATTERN CLOTHS**

Investigate this sale today

Misses Martha and Marion Craig of Craig avenue, Pasadena, have gone to New York for the winter. In the spring they plan to go abroad for several months' stay.





There are no dramatic values in "The Traveling Salesman," which is the offering at the Mason this week, and Mr. Forbes, author of "The Chorus Lady," who is also responsible for the present production, has added no laurels to his brow by this emanation. Vulgarly is the keynote of the piece as evidenced by a plethora of "hells," "damns," "booze" and poker. The fat hero gets his rival drunk in a game of draw, where the five players sit in a half circle, facing the audience, an utterly absurd departure from accepted form and a most inconvenient way of tackling the national game. "Slip him the 'booze' again," says the hero, Bob Blake, in a pause between jackpots, and Franklyn Royce is plied with liquor until he falls over in a stupor, the game breaks up without anybody cashing in, and Blake drives away in his rival's sleigh to save the land of the girl he loves from being sold for accumulated taxes.

It is cheap melodrama, at best. The traveling salesman essayed by Mark Smith, is marooned in a small town Christmas Day. He is supposed to fall in love at first sight with the fair ticket agent, Beth Elliott, played by Miriam Nesbitt. Blake's lovemaking is farce-comedy, nothing more. His antics might easily be those of a man having softening of the brain instead of the reflected expression of a sophisticated drummer, wise to all variants of the human kind. His grimaces are those of a zany, and his speech is in harmony with his facial contortions. Despite this, the audience good-naturedly accepts him at his own valuation, cheers him when he outwits the plotters against Beth Elliott's property rights, and rejoices when, having circumvented his unscrupulous rival, he gathers the girl in his arms to a slowly descending curtain.

And the diction! O, the diction! The hero is permitted to assure the audience that "nothing can come between you and I," which misuse of the first personal pronoun is several times repeated with a gay disregard of the rules of speech. The land that is to be sold for taxes adjoins a junction crossing of the railroad, and because a spur is needed, the stony waste suddenly enhances enormously in value, the stupid railroad allowing its agent to offer a fancy price for the unproductive property, who, besides, is found disclosing the intentions of his principal to others with a kindergarten faith in his fellows truly inspiring. This is meat for imbeciles, surely. A loquacious dandy, who is allowed to make prolonged observations while the stage waits, furnishes additional comedy fully as bubbling as that scintillating from the white humorists in the cast. Not even a first-class company could do much with the dialogue and situations strung together by Mr. Forbes; how much less, then, is possible to an inferior aggregation. Miss Nesbitt is amateurish, although not of unpleasing personality; to compel her to respond to the painful lovemaking of a Merry Andrew is, however, a severe task, and enough to discourage the most efficient actress. James O'Neill, Jr., son of a capable father, does the best he can with the poor stuff assigned to him, and the others strive manfully enough to do likewise. Clifford Stork, as Franklyn Royce, exhibits the only histrionic talent worth while, but he also is sadly handicapped by his lines. S. T. C.

"County Chairman" at the Belasco  
In "The County Chairman," the attraction this week at the Belasco Theater, the full strength of the company is demanded. In addition to the consistently good work of Lewis S. Stone and other of the principals, the play is marked by the enacting of a number of well-portrayed character parts. Mr. Stone as the Honorable Jim Hackler, the county chairman, departs widely from the romantic roles in which he invariably wins favor, but his well-recognized versatility is displayed in his depiction of the soft-voiced, yet resolute political dictator. James Guy Usher as Tillford Wheeler, Hackler's law partner and his nominee for prosecuting attorney, is not so convincing. Mr. Usher's delivery is good, but his

stage presence would be improved if he showed less constraint. As Lucy Rigby, Thais Magrane gives a praise-worthy delineation. Beth Taylor, the new ingenue, has only a small part for her first appearance with the Belasco company, but as "Chick" Elzey, an orphan, she displays histrionic ability which gives promise of future success. She is unusually pretty and possesses a winning smile, which, while not a necessary adjunct to talent, will help much. In the character roles, Charles Giblyn as Jefferson Brisco wins additional laurels to those already accumu-



MUGGINS DAVIES, AT THE GRAND

lated here. Charles Ruggles as Joseph Whittaker, the windmill agent with an ever-open eye to business, gives an excellent portrayal. Adele Farrington takes the part of Lorena Watkins, the village milliner, and her interpretation of the character is one of the comedy hits of the play. Frank E. Camp, as Elias Rigby, the opposition candidate for prosecuting attorney, does commendable work, as also do Richard Vivian, Howard Scott, James K. Applebee and Master Peter Clancy.

"The Girl Question" at the Majestic  
While a solution of "The Girl Question" is an impossibility, yet the conundrum is being presented in pleasing manner before the patrons of the Majestic Theater this week. John L. Kearney (in big type) heads the company and plays the role of Con Ryan, head waiter, aspiring to the love and hand of his cashier, who prefers the son of a millionaire. Later, on decides to marry his old pal, "Joe" Forster, a waitress, and the play ends with the audience laboring under the impression that the faithful "Joe" figures mainly as a kind of rest cure for the love wounds of the man who couldn't win the first object of his adoration. However, she seems happy in the outcome, and so the audience accepts the verdict with apparent approval. Mr. Kearney finds a sympathetic role in the character of Ryan, but he could improve his work materially if he would watch his speedometer and not allow himself to exceed twenty-five



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523 BROADWAY

words a second. Dorothy Maynard, as Elsie Davis, the cashier, is satisfactory. Helene McGowan is rather stiff in her portrayal of "Joe" Forster, which delineation, however, is not altogether inconsistent with the part. As Harold Sears, the son of a millionaire, Daun H. Seaton is particularly efficient. A bright character role is essayed by Anna Hoffman, as Mrs. Jessie Sears, the aimlessly talkative ex-stenographer. Justin Cooper, in the character of Baron Max von Tesmar, provides a goodly share of the comedy, and his acting is noticeably good. The play is well set, and the show girls, chorus men and "broilers" are sufficiently adequate in looks and voice. One of the best features is "The Imitation Craze," including the Anna Held girls,

simplicity of emotion and the deft poetic touches which the author so well utilized in "The Prince Chap," and wherein lies its chief value. The first two acts are slightly "talky," the last act is merely a gathering up of tangled threads, but they are not wearisome. The third is the pivot of the drama, and is direct and interest-compelling, with each of the actors at his best. Byron Beasley displays a thorough appreciation of the character of Jefferson Hunter, the man of a great and simple heart, whose love for his young wife and his children are the only real things in life for him. He instills a finer shading of emotion into his voice than has been noticeable heretofore, an innovation highly pleasing. His handling of the third act is exceptionally good, the one false note being struck in his wild cry that he is "only a man with a broken heart." A little repression would add greatly to the artistic effect. Lovell Alice Taylor has one of the best parts of her local career---a part that fits her as beautifully as do her many gowns, and she surprises even her most ardent admirers with the par excellence of her delineation. Margo Duffet also finds unusually good opportunity and is a charming Agnes Hunter, both in appearance and action, while Harry Mestayer is the hot-headed Nevanad to the life. The irrepressible Stockbridge enjoys himself in his usual free-hearted manner as Bobby Hanscomb, and the Nathan Hargrave of David Hartford fills every requirement of the gentlemanly villain that the most fastidious of playwrights could desire. Blanche Hall draws with a soft pencil this week. Her character of Julia Raymond does not stand out boldly, yet it leaves a haunting memory of its pathos and womanliness that is real artistry. It is the best thing she has done for weeks.



LOVELL ALICE TAYLOR, BURBANK

the George M. Cohan boys and the Eddie Foy girls. The latter imitation is one of the best bits of the production.

"The Silver Girl" at the Burbank  
"The Silver Girl" is being given a splendidly balanced production at the Burbank this week. The play is not great, by any means, but it has that

"Sultan of Sulu" at the Grand  
George Ade's greatest success, "The Sultan of Sulu," is the offering of the Ferris Hartman company at the Grand this week. It is a merry skit with charming music and well deserves the long life it enjoys. Sulu is one of the small islands of the Philippine group, governed by a sultan with a collection of wives. When the American army of



Occupation arrives with the various things that "follow the flag," including cocktails, pretty schoolma'ams, and fashionable clothes, there is a great stir in the harem. Mr. Hartman has a pretty chorus of fresh, young voices, and several good dancers. Oscar Walch, as Lieutenant William Hardy, sings well, in a rich tenor voice, unfrayed by bad usage. Josephine Islich has a clear soprano voice, which she uses with charm and skill. "Muggins" Davies looks so pretty that it matters lit-

"ginger" that American audiences largely demand, their graceful rendering of grand pas de deux and the Old Vienna waltz are received with acclaim. The girls are quaintly garmented, and their work is both difficult and skillful. Holdovers are Spalding & Riego, Murray & Mack, Senora Guerrero, and Tom Walker.

**Sousa More Popular Than Ever**  
Perhaps a little grayer and perhaps a little balder on top, but with no di-



OLIVE PORTER, AUTHOR OF "THE RINGMASTER" AT AUDITORIUM

tle what she does. Elvia Rand, without a line to say or sing, makes her part effective. Ferris Hartman, as the sultan, is amusing in spite of a disabling hoarseness. Altogether, the performance is far superior to several others which have appeared at the higher priced houses, with a great blare of trumpets. The Ferris Hartman company should play to capacity houses.

**Orpheum's Entertaining Bill**

There is a charm about the harmonious blending of good masculine voices that, to the popular taste, excels any grand opera ever written, and vaudeville audiences are not slow in expressing their appreciation. The turn of the Big City Quartet at the Orpheum this week brings down the house, and the young men respond with such hearty good will, that they might be still singing, were it not for the motion pictures of Peary aboard the Roosevelt, which insist on making their appearance. Another excellent turn this week is that of Henry Clive, with his near-magic and his fund of lively patter. It is dangerous work Mr. Clive attempts, for it is more in the line of parlor entertainment than an offering for a vaudeville stage, but he has such a debonair stage presence and such a cordial air of good humor, mingled with his really clever nonsense that he is a huge success. Edna Aug is also more than ordinarily good in her "types," handicapped though she is by a wretched cold. If Miss Aug's sang froid and magnetism can make her so great a favorite when she is painfully hoarse and unfit, one can prophesy that she would be an even- ing's entertainment in herself when she is in good condition. Although the dancing act of Les Myosotis lacks the

minishing of his powers as a conductor, John Phillip Sousa, the American march king, has attracted S. R. O. audiences to the big Auditorium this week. Even at the afternoon perform-



MARY NORMAN AT THE ORPHEUM

ances the theater has been well filled, and crowded every evening. Sousa knows, better than any other band leader, what his public likes, and he never fails to please. His programs cover a wide field, including his stirring march, "The Glory of the Yankee Navy," which sweeps his audiences off their feet.

**Morosco's Burbank Theater** OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee and Manager. Phone: Main 1270; F1270  
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MATINEE TOMORROW. ALL NEXT WEEK. MATINEE SATURDAY.  
THE GREAT COLLEGE ATHLETIC PLAY

# Brown of Harvard

AUGMENTED COMPANY LAVISH PRODUCTION CAST OF FORTY  
Regular Burbank prices: 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 25c. Gallery, 10c.

**Hamburger's Majestic Theater** Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager  
MATINEE TODAY. LAST TIME TONIGHT---"THE GIRL QUESTION."  
All Next Week. Matinee Wednesday. Matinee Saturday.  
Messrs. Cohan and Harris present George Cohan's rural musical play,

# Fifty Miles From Boston

Most expensive cast ever seen in a musical play. Chorus of fifty  
Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50. Matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.

**Auditorium** "THEATER BEAUTIFUL" L. E. BEHYMER, Manager.  
SAM S. AND LEE SHUBERT PRESENT  
A Powerful Drama of Wall Street Intrigue

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Metropolitan Cast. "A virile story, vividly told."---N. Y. World.

**Belasco Theater** BELASCO-BLACKWOOD CO., Props. and Mgrs.  
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 1, 1909  
LEWIS S. STONE and the Belasco Theater Company present for the first time in the entire West, Arnold Daly's great New York success

# THE REGENERATION

Regular Belasco Prices. Seats now selling.  
TO FOLLOW--Minnie Dupree's famous Eastern success "The ROAD TO YESTERDAY." Seats on sale Monday.

**Orpheum Theater--VAUDEVILLE** Matinee Every Day.  
COMMENCING MONDAY MATINEE, NOVEMBER 1 Both Phones 1447  
James Young & Company, Edna Aug, in "Types"  
in "Wanted--A Sister" Mary Norman, Impersonator Big City Quartet, "The singing four"  
Ed F. Reynard, THE Ventriloquist Henry Clive, The Entertainer  
Pilu, The Mind-Reader Les Myosotis, Premier dancers  
ORPHEUM MOTION PICTURES  
Nights--10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees Daily--10c, 25c, 50c.

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The Greatest Amusement Park in the World.  
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Free Vaudeville every afternoon and evening.

# FREE DANCING PAVILION

Dancing every evening and Sunday afternoons. Societies and Lodges can make arrangements for exclusive use by giving one week's notice. Don't fail to visit the Famous Heidelberg Cafe.

**Grand Opera House** Matinees Tuesday, Saturday and Sunday.  
WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE, OCTOBER 31, 1909.  
Every Night in the Week at 8:15.  
and his superb company in James T. Powers' recent metropolitan success  
**Ferris Hartman** The Blue Moon  
First appearance of Miss Dorothy Morton. Regular Grand Prices.  
TO FOLLOW--Ferris Hartman in Richard Carle's famous success, "THE MAYOR OF TOKIO."

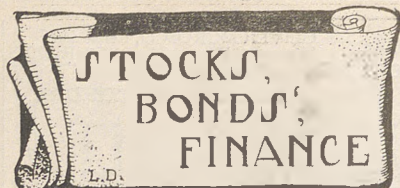
**Annual Complimentary College Dance**  
GIVEN BY THE ISAACS-WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE  
To its past and present students and their invited friends, at GOLDBERG-BOSLEY'S, FRIDAY EVENING, November 5. Call, write or phone the College, 5th floor Hamburger Bldg., F1850, Main 2305, for invitation cards for self, chaperon, friend or circle of friends. NO ADMITTANCE WITHOUT CARD.

Another new number introduced this week is called "People Who Live in Glass Houses," the parts of the suite being named "The Champagnes," "The Whiskies," "The Rhine Wines" and "The Cordials," a departure from the commonplace. As a usual thing, a cornet solo is a thing to be feared, but Herbert L. Clarke is in a class by him-

self. He is master of his instrument and of technic, and therefore produces more real music from the cornet than any player who has favored Los Angeles. Florence Hardeman, violinist, and the Misses Hoyt, vocalists, have added not a little to the entertainment. A delightful feature is the cheerful

(Continued on Page Fifteen)





We are at the real beginning of a movement upward in the best of the petroleum securities known in this market, and before the winter season is far advanced prices are likely to show a sharp bulge. Doheny securities and Associated again have been the market leaders this week, the former, especially, having been lifted \$4 a share, common as well as preferred, since the last report. When the fact is considered that the company's capital is \$15,000,000, the immensity of the expansion may be appreciated. The next step in the same general uplift probably will be in the direction of the Doheny Mexican corporation, a princely property, scarcely as yet in the infancy of its development, which is well worth more than American, in fact, the latter's quotations are a trifle high at present prices.

Associated really appears to have struck into a legitimate accelerated pace, with the stock much firmer and at higher prices than for nearly a year; 50 is predicted for the shares by January 1, which may or may not be legitimate bull opinion, based upon sound underlying conditions. At the same time, with all of the other oils that are worth while coming into their own, there is no reason why the Harriman shares should not continue to grow in grace.

Union and its affiliations are marking time, apparently, with nothing better in sight, so far as the public is concerned, right away. That the Stewart issues, however, are marked for higher prices, due to some sort of melon-cutting around holiday time, continues to be a prediction in circles that should be well informed.

All of the cheaper petroleums are an excellent purchase, just now, with Central about the best thing in the list, and with New Penn, Olinda and Globe, good for a substantial speculative profit in the near future.

In the public utility list, L. A. Home Pfd. will be ex-dividend the coming week. The stock recently has been held firmly, due to a certainty that with the creation of a rate commission at an early day the stock should prove as good an investment as there is in this market. It will pay in excess of eight per cent at present prices. The Edisons remain apathetic. L. A. Investment is firm and in steady demand.

In the bond list there has been nothing doing of late and with little prospect for higher prices in the near future, except, perhaps, in L. A. Home firsts, which are remarkably low. All of the outside Homes continue to sleep the sleep of the just. Associated five is firm and inactive.

None of the several mining issues shows signs of healthy life, except Clark Copper, from whose ashes soon is to arise a new corporation, with another name, which will work overtime in an effort to prove itself worthy of confidence as an oil producer, its new metier.

Money is ruling harder.

#### Banks and Banking

Preparations are being made for the absorption of the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company by the Los Angeles Trust Company, the latter changing its name to the Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank. The consolidation will be consummated about January 1, and the two financial institutions under the one management will open quarters on the ground floor of the Central building, at Sixth and Main streets. This merger marks the formation of one of the strongest banking institutions of the city, combining resources of \$8,000,000, and also involves a plan for the erection of a ten-story bank and office building at the northwest corner of Sixth and Spring streets, to form the permanent home of the new bank. All the leases in the Metropolitan building expire by March 1, 1910, when the structure now occupying this site will be disposed of and the ground will be made ready for the edifice. The new building will be in every way modern and fireproof. The bank will occupy the ground floor, and the upper nine stories will be used for office purposes. J. C. Drake, president of the Los Angeles Trust Company, will

continue at the head of the combined banks. By reason of its proximity to the future permanent home of the institution, and because of its having suitable safety vaults, the Central building offers a most convenient location for the temporary quarters of the enlarged bank. Leases have been obtained from the owners of the Central building, dating from January 1, but if possible possession of the new quarters may be taken before that time. Organized in 1903, this new step of the Los Angeles Trust Company marks the culmination of a most remarkable growth. As shown in its statement of September, 1909, the Los Angeles Trust Company now has resources of more than \$6,000,000, and deposits of \$4,250,000. The Metropolitan Bank has resources of \$12,683,000, and deposits of \$1,318,000. The combined institutions will have resources of nearly \$8,000,000, a capital of \$1,250,000, and surplus and undivided profits of \$600,000. It is incorporated under the new banking act to do savings bank as well as trust, safe deposit and general banking business. Present officers of the Los Angeles Trust Company are: J. C. Drake, president; H. W. O'Melveny, vice-president and counsel; Wellington Clark, vice-president; Robert Wankowski, cashier; Leo S. Chandler, trust officer, and H. W. Underhill, assistant trust officer. Officers of the Metropolitan Bank & Trust Company at present include: M. H. Flint, president; Frank M. Kelsey, vice-president, and Jay Spence, cashier.

Los Angeles is to have a new financial institution, articles of incorporation having been filed this week for the Los Angeles Hibernian Savings Bank, which is to open its doors January 1. The new organization is backed by prominent capitalists of the city, and on the directorate are D. F. McGarry, G. Allan Hancock, George W. Lichtenberger, Thomas C. Cunningham, John P. Coyne, Robert G. Hill and John R. Grant. The bank is to have a capitalization of \$250,000, which amount later will probably be increased, as it is proposed to conduct a savings bank as well as a commercial banking system and maintain a trust department. A location for the new bank will be selected within a few days.

Directors of the Security Savings Bank are considering plans for increasing the paid-up capital of that institution to \$1,000,000. J. F. Sartori, president of the bank has stated that definite action toward that end would probably be taken soon, although just what course will be pursued in making the increase has not been decided. At present, the bank has a paid-up capital of \$850,000, but the growth of the business has been so steady and so remarkable that an increase in capital undoubtedly is justified. When the capital is augmented an addition to the surplus fund is contemplated, which now stands at \$535,000.

Bank officials in this city already are in receipt of inquiries concerning the plans for the meeting of the American Bankers' Association, to be held in Los Angeles next year. Considerable interest is being manifested, and it is believed that many of the eastern states will send large delegations. Newman Essick, cashier of the Commercial National Bank, estimates that the attendance will approximate 2,500.

Plans are being drawn for extensive alterations to be made by the German-American Savings Bank in its banking room in the Union Trust building, at the corner of Fourth and Spring streets.

#### Stock and Bond Briefs

North Pasadena Land & Water Company has issued a call to stockholders to meet November 2 to vote on the proposition of selling the plant to the city for \$125,000. It is stated that members of this corporation are scattered all over the world, and for that reason it may be impossible to get a two-thirds vote. The acquisition of this company is necessary to complete a municipal plant, and in case the meeting of the stockholders fails a two-thirds vote, all action in voting bonds will probably be delayed until next year.

Electors of the Alhambra city school district will hold an election November 15 to vote on the proposition of issuing and selling bonds in the sum of \$50,000 for buying school lots and

## CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME	OFFICERS
<b>MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. cor. Third and Spring	W. H. HOLLIDAY, President. CHAS. G. GREENE, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$625,000.
<b>NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA</b> N. E. cor. Fourth and Spring	J. E. FISHBURN, President. H. S. McKEE, Cashier. Capital, \$500,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$160,000.
<b>NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN LOS ANGELES</b> N. E. cor. Second and Main	F. M. DOUGLAS, President. CHARLES EWING, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000. Surplus, \$25,000.
<b>UNITED STATES NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. cor. Main and Commercial	ISAIAH W. HELLMAN, President. F. W. SMITH, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Profits, \$73,000.00.
<b>BROADWAY BANK &amp; TRUST CO.</b> 308-312 Broadway, Bradbury Bldg.	WARREN GILLELEN, President. R. W. KENNY, Cashier. Capital, \$250,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$205,000.
<b>CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. Cor. Fourth and Broadway	S. F. ZOMERO, President. JAMES B. GIST, Cashier. Capital, \$300,000.00. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$243,000.
<b>CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK</b> S. W. cor. Third and Main	R. J. WATERS, President. WM. W. WOODS, Cashier. Capital, \$1,000,000. Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.
<b>COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK</b> 401 South Spring, cor. Fourth	W. A. BONYNGE, President. NEWMAN ESSICK, Cashier. Capital, \$200,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$35,000.
<b>FARMERS &amp; MERCHANTS NAT. BANK</b> Corner Fourth and Main	I. W. HELLMAN, President. CHARLES SEYLER, Cashier. Capital, \$1,500,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,800,000.
<b>FIRST NATIONAL BANK</b> S. E. cor. Second and Spring	J. M. ELLIOTT, President. W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier. Capital Stock, \$1,250,000. Surplus and Profits, \$1,625,000.

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erecting buildings. Bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4½ per cent per annum.

Directors of the Lake Vineyard Land & Water Company have voted to dispose of its water system to Pasadena for \$549,900.

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It is a big comfort to have money in the bank. Try it.

## Home Savings Bank

Alexandria Hotel Building  
**Fifth and Spring Streets**

Population in 1910  
 350,000  
 IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR  
 Bargains in  
**INSIDE PROPERTY**  
**First Class Investments**  
 CONSULT  
**W. M. GARLAND & CO.**  
 324 Huntington Building

**The Southern Trust Company**  
 A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS  
 Transacted in All Its Branches  
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## At the Local Theaters

(Continued From Page Thirteen)

good-will with which the players respond to the insistent calls for encores. Sousa is always certain of a hearty reception in Los Angeles. From here he will go to Long Beach, where he will give concerts Sunday afternoon and evening. The fine manner in which Mr. Fitzgerald handled the Sousa business has gained for the well-known piano dealer many handsome encomiums.

### Offerings Next Week

To those who liked "The Lion and the Mouse," and plays of that ilk, "The Ringmaster," which will be seen at the Auditorium next week, beginning November 1, will have a great appeal. The story unfolds the love of John Le Baron, Jr., son of a Wall street financier, for Elenor Hillary, daughter of the much-feared "Ringmaster," who is a veritable king of the stock exchange. She promises to marry him if he will carve for himself a place in the financial world. His struggle to do so, a struggle in which his strength is pitted against the Ringmaster's, is said to create powerful situations. Harvey D. Crosby, Frederick Montague, H. S. Northus and F. A. Yalvington have the chief masculine roles, and it is promised that the feminine atmosphere will not lack in charm.

"Brown of Harvard," a play which is to the big university at Cambridge just what "Strongheart" is to Columbia, is announced for presentation at the Burbank for the week beginning with a matinee performance Sunday, and including the usual matinee Saturday. "Brown of Harvard" is not a football play. Its hero is an oarsman, a member of the 'varsity eight who is called upon to stroke the crimson to victory against a British eight, and who does so in the face of all sorts of difficulties. It is chiefly a love story, however, the boat race being merely one of the incidents of the plot. At the Burbank, Byron Beasley will play the title role, with Blanche Hall in the part of Evelyn Kenyon. Others prominent in the cast will include Henry Stockbridge, Frederick Gilbert, John W. Burton, H. S. Duffield, Harry Mestayer, Wayland Trask, William Yerance, David Hartford, Willis Marks, Lovell Alice Taylor, Louise Royce and Margo Duffet, in addition to a large number of extra people.

Monday night the Belasco company will give the first performance of "The Regeneration," Owen Kildare's play of New York East Side life. In New York, last season, Arnold Daly was seen in "The Regeneration," and scored one of the substantial successes of the season. In the Belasco production, Lewis S. Stone will have the exacting role of Owen Conway, the part created by Mr. Daly. Conway is the leader of a band of young ruffians, and also tries his hand at Tammany politics. Through the efforts of a young slum worker, Marie Deering, the soul of Conway is regenerated. Thais Magrane will take the important role of Marie Deering, and Frank Camp will have another fine opportunity in the party of Skinny, a typical member of the East Side gang. Following "The Regeneration," the Belasco company will give, for the first time at this theater, Minnie Dupree's eastern success, "The Road to Yesterday."

George M. Cohan's rural musical play, "Fifty Miles From Boston," will be the attraction at the Majestic next week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. The story is that of a pretty postmistress, Sadie Woodis, engaged to marry the Harvard crack ball player, Joe Westcott, and beset with the advances of Dave Harrigan, an unemployed suitor. How she defeats Dave's machinations and marries Joe forms more of a plot than usually distinguishes a musical comedy. Chief among the singing numbers which have gained wide popularity are "Waltz With Me," "Jack and Jill," "Harrigan," "The Boys Who Fight the Flames," "My Small Town Gal," and "Ain't It Awful?" There is a large company, including a big chorus of boys and girls.

Beginning with the matinee, Sunday, Ferris Hartman and his big singing company will present James T. Powers' recent hit, "The Blue Moon." This will serve to introduce to Los Angeles the-

ater-goers another of Mr. Hartman's prima donnas, Dorothy Morton, who will have the leading part of Chandra Nil, a singing girl. Ferris Hartman will be seen in an entirely different character from any in which he has appeared here—that of Private Taylor, the coward who becomes a hero. Oscar Walch will sing the tenor role of Lieutenant Ormsby, Walter De Leon will be Bobbie Scott, the journalist, Walter Catlett will enact Moolraj, idol-maker and marriage broker, Josie Hart will play Lady Angela Brabasham, and Muggins Davies will be Millicent, the little maid. Beautiful stage pictures and gorgeous costumes are promised. Following "The Blue Moon" this company will present Richard Carle's musical comedy, "The Mayor of Tokio."

Stepping from the ranks of the "legitimate" comes James Young, with his company in "Wanted—a Sister," which is headlined at the Orpheum for the week beginning Monday matinee, November 1. Last season Mr. Young was leading man for Viola Allen. His present vehicle, by Rida Johnson, author of "Brown of Harvard," is really a tabloid version of that play, with its action accelerated so that it makes a twenty-minute sketch. Mr. Young is assisted by Lorayne Osborne and a capable little company. Mary Norman is always sure of a glad hand, and this season she brings something new, making a special point of impersonating stage folk before and behind the curtain. Ed F. Reynard, the ventriloquist, is always a favorite with his whole village of characters, that tell a story of a day in Hicksville, from daybreak to dark. Pulu is the odd name of an odd dog, presented by Sig. D. Ancillotti. The dog reads minds, or, if he doesn't, hosts of people are so cleverly fooled that they don't know the difference. Edna Aug remains another week, as do the Big City Quartet, Henry Clive and Mai Walker, and Les Myosotis.

Friday afternoon, November 5, the T. M. A. boys—Theatrical Mechanics Association—will give their annual benefit at the Auditorium to replenish their fund for the sick and needy. A large program has been outlined, and it is planned that the bill shall begin at 1 o'clock and the last curtain will fall about 5:30. A crowd large enough to fill every one of the three thousand seats in the Auditorium is expected, and from present indications the committee in charge will not be disappointed. So far as it is possible to ascertain, the program will include the Big City Quartet from the Orpheum, third act from "Brown of Harvard," Henry Stockbridge and Fay Bainter; Blossom Seeley and chorus from "Fishers"; one act from "The Ringmaster;" "Goldie Snyder; an act from "The Regeneration;" an act from the Los Angeles Theater; Bessie Tannehill in several lyrical numbers; Lettie Buisseret and her violin; the comedian and chorus from "Fifty Miles From Boston," at the Majestic; Harry Girard, Agnes Caine Brown and Roland Paul in trios; Walter Sheck and the Olympic Six in a gymnastic exhibition; Bessie Buskirk, pupil and protegee of the late Madam Modjeska; Walter De Leon and Muggins Davies, and thirty dancing girls; Josephine Isileb and Oscar Walch in a duet; Ferris Hartman in a ten minutes' talk, and Charles Ruggles, assisted by Beth Taylor and Margo Duffet in a new sketch entitled, "Billy's Job."

Seven hundred and twenty people take part in the much-heralded musical extravaganza, "Professor Napoleon," and every one of them is from Los Angeles and vicinity. The production is scheduled to appear at the Temple Auditorium, November 10, 11, 12 and 13, with a matinee on the latter date, and is being given under the auspices of the board of managers of the Children's Hospital. Rehearsals are going on both day and night, the evenings usually ending in an impromptu dance, chaperoned by the committee in charge. The principals are being coached and perfected in their parts at the Hotel Alexandria. The costumes have been distributed to the cast and full dress photographs are being taken.

### Asides

Lovell Alice Taylor of the Burbank company has a fad in pets which is distinctly her own. While playing with Lippman in "Julie Bon Bon," Miss Lovell received a tiny baby chicken for an Easter present. She named the newcomer "Peter," and she and the feminine members of the company pro-

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ceeded to spoil it sadly. It was her intimate companion, and developed a faculty of understanding that was well-nigh uncanny. But, alas, one morning Peter ate two worms, when his digestive system could care for but one. Thereupon he ascended to chicken-heaven, and Miss Taylor and Elsie Ferguson—the little actress who is making a famous name for herself in New York—were chief mourners at his burial in Central Park. Since then, Miss Taylor has been the possessor of several downy chicks, her latest acquisition, which she confided to the tender care of a grocer, having recently presented her with an egg.

Miss Olive Porter, author of "The Ringmaster," which opens at the Auditorium, Monday night, was formerly employed as stenographer and confidential secretary in one of Wall street's most powerful brokerage firms. Miss Porter's salary never exceeded \$25 a week. From the correspondence intrusted to her she gleaned enough material on which to found her successful drama. The Shuberts first produced it at the Bijou Theater in Brooklyn, where they maintain a stock company, and the play won instantaneous recommendation by press and public. There are, in addition to the company playing here, two other traveling organizations appearing in "The Ringmaster," and Miss Porter's income has increased from \$25 a week to \$600, which sum she derives from the royalty on her play.



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